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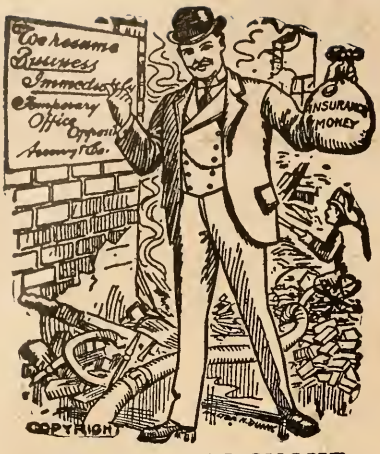


IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVII MARCH, 1914 No. 5

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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VOL. XVII MARCH, 1914 No. 5

The Honor and Dignity of Priesthood

BY JAMES E. TALMAGE, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Many able investigators have expressed surprise and admiration over the plan of organization on which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is founded. A critical observer who had devoted time and skill to the study of The Church, viewing it solely as a human institution, is credited with this expressive summary of conclusions: "The 'Mormon' Church is a magnificent organization splendidly officered."

Without caste distinction as between clergyman and layman, with no order of salaried ministers or professional preachers, The Church provides service for every member who is able and willing to labor in the ministry. The bestowal of the Priesthood is a blessing reserved for no privileged few; every worthy man in The Church may confidently aspire to some measure of this sacred investiture. Ordination to any office in the holy order of authority and power imposes responsibility, separately and individually, upon each recipient. While every holder of this Divinely-appointed commission is an officer in The Church, there are numerous official positions of specific character to which worthy members are called and appointed. Even in the several quorums, each comprising members who have been ordained to the same office in the Priesthood, there are of necessity positions of presidency and administrative service.

Priesthood is the authority delegated to man to minister in the name of Deity. It is a power such as no one can assume on his own initiative; it is an endowment from the powers of heaven; "and no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron" (Heb. 5:4).

Men may form associations for and among themselves; they may create institutions and establish authority to administer the affairs thereof; men may set up governments, as municipalities, states, and nations, and may provide for the enactment of laws and

ordinances by which members of the organization are to be governed. The official acts of legally constituted authorities within all such jurisdictions are binding to the extent and for the purpose that the law may provide. Authority in all properly established institutions of men should be duly recognized and obeyed; the men in whom that authority is vested should be respected, if not for their personal merits or worthiness at least because of the office they hold. If such recognition be due to authority originated and established by man, what shall be the measure of respect rightfully attaching to the Holy Priesthood, which is the embodiment of an authority beyond all human power to create or to secure?

Concerning the Twelve who ministered with Him, our Lord specifically declared that He had chosen them; their exalted ordination was not of their own causing nor seeking. (See John 15:16, compare 6:70.) Today The Church proclaims that "a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof."

Appointment to office in The Church entails the ordination or setting-apart of the person so chosen; and the responsibility of faithful service is an individual requirement which he cannot evade and must not ignore. Those through whom the call came to him, those by whom he was designated and perhaps ordained, those who preside over him because of their office of broader scope and higher rank, they are as surely held answerable for their acts as is he for his; and of every one shall be demanded a strict and personal accounting for his stewardship, a report in full of service or of neglect, of use or abuse in the administration of the trust to him committed. The sense of responsibility belonging to office may be obscured in part by the honor and distinction inseparably associated therewith. Yet this should not be. The spirit of every calling in the Lord's work is that of ready service; the officer is the servant of those for whom he ministers. There are no positions of honor without service, no empty titles, no *brevet* rank, in the Church of Christ. Honorary positions, sinecures, influence dissociated from responsibility, titles that are but names, these shadows without substance are sometimes tolerated or fostered as features of human institutions; but the Divine plan of organization and government is not so belittled.

Titles expressive of rank or attainment among men are to be respected as their significance requires. Being of man's creation, they may be used as recognized propriety established by custom and as good taste may allow. There is no offense against sanctity, nor any serious impropriety, in addressing an officer of army or navy, a judge, a senator, a doctor, or a professor by his title, even in ordinary converse; though the customs of good etiquette

suggest the careful and sparing use of distinguishing titles. In formal and official procedure titles expressive of rank or achievement are in place.

In the use of titles pertaining to the Holy Priesthood the obligation of care is vastly greater. Remember that the higher Priesthood is described as being "after the order of the Son of God," but is designated by the name of a man—Melchizedek,—"out of respect or reverence to the name of the Supreme Being, to avoid the too frequent repetition of His name" (See Doc. and Cov. 107:2-4).

The presiding officer of The Church may be and should be spoken of and addressed as "President;" this is true also of the counselors in the First Presidency, for each of them is a president as the Lord hath said (Doc. and Cov. 107:22, 24, 29); but it is not proper to speak commonly of the President of the Church, and even grossly incorrect to address him, as "Prophet," "Seer," or "Revelator," though each of these exalted titles is specifically his, and belongs also to each of his counselors. to each of the Twelve, and to the Presiding Patriarch of The Church. These are designations of spiritual powers and functions, and are of too sacred a character to be employed as common appellations. The title "President" is used in secular as well as in ecclesiastical application; in the latter connection it may be regarded as expressive of executive authority in the Priesthood, rather than a specific designation of Priesthood itself; it may therefore be used as occasion requires in speaking of or to the president of a stake, or the president of a quorum, council, or other organization.

The title "Bishop" is expressive of presidency; the Bishop is specifically the presiding officer over the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood in his ward, and is, moreover, president of the ward as an organization; it is, therefore, strictly within the bounds of propriety to refer to him and to address him by the title of his office; but it would be improper to make common his title of "High Priest," though none but High Priests officiate as Bishops in The Church today.

The title "Apostle" is likewise one of special significance and sanctity; it has been given of God, and belongs only to those who have been called and ordained as "special witnesses of the name of Christ in all the world, thus differing from other officers in the Church in the duties of their calling" (Doc. and Cov. 107:23). By derivation the word "apostle" is the English equivalent of the Greek *apostolos,* indicating a messenger, an ambassador, or literally "one who is sent." It signifies that he who is rightly so called, speaks and acts not of himself, but as the representative of a higher power whence his commission issued; and in this sense the title is that of a servant, rather than that of a superior. Even the Christ, however, is called an Apostle with reference to

His ministry in the flesh (Hebrews 3:1), and this appellation is justified by His repeated declarations that He came to earth to do not His own will but that of the Father by whom *He was sent.*

Though an apostle is thus seen to be essentially an envoy, or ambassador, his authority is great, as is also the responsibility associated therewith, for he speaks in the name of a power greater than his own—the name of Him whose special witness he is. When one of the Twelve is sent to minister in any stake, mission or other division of the Church, or to labor in regions where no Church organization has been effected, he acts as the representative of the First Presidency, and has the right to use his authority in doing whatever is requisite for the furtherance of the work of God. His duty is to preach the Gospel, administer the ordinances thereof, and set in order the affairs of the Church, wherever he is sent. So great is the sanctity of this special calling, that the title "Apostle" should not be used lightly as the common or ordinary form of address applied to living men called to this office. The quorum or council of the Twelve Apostles as existent in The Church today may better be spoken of as the "Quorum of the Twelve," the "Council of the Twelve," or simply as the "Twelve," than as the "Twelve Apostles," except as particular occasion may warrant the use of the more sacred term. It is advised that the title "Apostle" be not applied as a prefix to the name of any member of the Council of the Twelve; but that such a one be addressed or spoken of as "Brother ——," or "Elder ——," and when necessary or desirable, as in announcing his presence in a public assembly, an explanatory clause may be added, thus, "Elder ——, one of the Council of the Twelve."

The word of modern revelation expressly states that "An Apostle is an Elder" (See Doc. and Cov. 20:38; compare also paragraphs 2 and 3, same section). So also every person ordained to the higher or Melchizedek Priesthood is an Elder, whatever his special office in the Priesthood may be. We do not, and indeed should not, use the terms "High Priest" and "Seventy" as prefixed titles; the designation "Elder" is usually sufficient, and even that should be used with care and reverence. Brethren laboring in the mission field may well substitute the term "Brother" for "Elder" in common usage; though in announcements and publications involving the specification of position or authority, the title "Elder" may be wholly proper. The same care should be observed in the use of all distinguishing titles belonging to Priesthood. Though a man be ordained to the exalted and honorable office of Patriarch, he is still an Elder, and the special designation "Patriarch" is not to be used in every-day converse.

What has been said concerning the Holy Priesthood and the sanctity of names and titles associated therewith, applies in a measure to the Church as a body, and to the members thereof as

individuals. The name of the Church to which we belong is of unusual significance—"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." It is a proclamation of the unique position claimed by the organization among the multitudinous sects and churches of the day. While this distinguishing name has been given by revelation (Doc. and Cov. 115:3, 4), it is to be employed with due respect to the sacred name of our Savior embodied in the general title. Usually it is preferable to speak of "The Church" rather than to use the full title; though, of course, in any connection in which ambiguity or uncertainty may appear, the full name of The Church may be properly used. The members are known as Latter-day Saints, and this name is of sacred import. The term "Saint," strictly applied, means "one who is holy;" that is to say, one who is set apart or has separated himself from those who profess not as he does, in sacred belief and practice. It is more appropriate to speak of those who belong as the "Members of the Church," rather than as the "Saints," except as particular and special occasion may indicate otherwise.

Every member of The Church and more especially every bearer of the Priesthood, should strive earnestly and prayerfully to be worthy of the sacred and distinguishing title belonging to his position; the title itself should be held in reverence, and the profession it signifies should be regarded as sacred.

Two Pictures

(Thoughts at the dedication of the Temple site in Canada)

The day was ended. Out of the mystic East
Climbed the moon, pale and large and silent;
The sparkling pearls of heaven danced and sported gay,
And the broad Canadian plain looked up and smiled.
Yes, smiled: for hard by the rolling flood
That cleaves its way to the icy wastes of Hudson,
Lay the tents of Israel, and the songs of Zion
Rose in triumphant melody to the courts of God.
The mountains, too, rejoiced. Their rugged forms,
Piercing the unfathomed vaults, above, below,
Choraled in lofty cadence with the echoing plain.

The coyote, lean and wretched, peers in puzzled wonder;
Then, freezing the very night blood with his hankering wail,
Circles the camp, provoked yet baffled.
The Blood comes next, his strong and subtle form
Swaying to the easy gallop of his faithful steed.
He gazes long, but words move not his lips. He turns,
And the keen air of even cools his cheek
As he seeks again his fire.

The night advances. The moon
Glides in streaming majesty through the sky;
A gentle zephyr steals o'er the earth;
Fairy cloudlets rise from the north;
The river's voice falls to a lulling chord;
And the weary pilgrims sink into their rest.

The caravan of years moves on, and Time
Leaves its impress on those wakening plains.
The mountains still are there, serene and noble;
The transformed acres teem with blessed promise
Of abundant harvest. The river, winding through verdant fields,
Cools the salty mouths of countless, foam-flaked bands
That rush with eager eye and pointed ear
To the precious stream.
There, where the bison trailed in lordly file
Across the pensive prairie, glistening bands of steel
Bind the quiet homestead to the great, pulsating world beyond.

The old, gray mill, crumbling with decay, stands
In melancholy grandeur—a venerable token
Of the distant years. And lo!
In the valley, stretching north and south
From Lee's Creek, racing in youthful fury, lies the town—
A thing of beauty in the slanting rays of the sun.
The streets are silent, but on yon hill, which looms
Above the rest, stands a mighty throng,
The assembled hosts of Israel, called forth
To sanctify this choice expanse of Joseph's heritage.

In their midst stands the Prophet of the Lord,
True to his sacred trust; venerable with age,
Yet throbbing with that greater life which crowns
A pure and useful past.
He speaks, and the bared heads are bowed.
The words fall like pearls on the summer air,
Moving to tears a multitude of souls.
It thrills their hearts, for on that sacred spot,
Soon shall shine the Holy Temple—glorious thought!

The prayer at length is ended, and joyous strains
Swell forth in power renewed and voice sublime.
The soul of nature breathes a deep response.
Approvingly the Sovereign of a boundl ss realm
Surveys the scene, as, wreathed in dazzling robes
He draws to his stately breast the crimson sun.
And the Saints depart.

MAGRATH, CANADA FRANK STEELE.

Conditions of Success

Letter to a Young Friend

BY CLAUDE RICHARDS, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

II. HEALTH (CONTINUED)

Cleanliness. Cleanliness was once thought to be "next to godliness." A more recent version is that "Cleanliness is a part of godliness." Certainly for its own sake it is desirable to be clean. Cleanliness is conducive both to health and strength. There is no excuse for being unclean. Lack of cleanliness retards progress and impairs a man's usefulness in the world. Who ever heard of a man performing any great mission in life who did not observe the laws of hygiene with respect to cleanliness. When did inspiration ever come to him that was in filth? On the other hand, is it not inspiring to be clean? And does not the mind work best when the body is in this condition?

Frequent bathing will be found both profitable and enjoyable. Every person should bathe and have an entire change of clothing at least twice a week. Use of the tooth brush after each meal and proper mouth washes for occasional use are recommended by dentists. Well-brushed hair and shoes, clean hands and linen, and a clean-shaven face all contribute to one's cleanliness and appearance.

Exercise. Enough exercise is as necessary to health as enough sleep. The one furnishes the rest and the other the action to keep the mind and body well. Ample exercise in fresh air must be had. If this exercise is not taken, the circulation will become sluggish and bad results are likely to follow. When your daily work does not supply enough exercise, be sure you get it in some other way.

Recreation. Something more than sleep, food, cleanliness and exercise are required for complete health. Recreation is essential for body and mind. Life would soon become dull without it. Even if our daily work supplied enough physical and mental activity, we would feel something lacking without recreation. Recreation adds interest to life. "Variety is the spice of life." In the routine of our daily duties things would often grow irksome without a change. This change may take the form of exercise, games, amusements and the like.

Thus a man may find recreation in walking, cutting his lawn, working in the garden, in swimming and other forms of ath-

letics and games, in contact with nature, in visiting friends and places, attending meetings, socials, dances, lectures and theaters, or in reading and art, and in other diverse forms of pastime. Especially should a man get enjoyment and recreation in his selected avocation.

III. Intellect.
- (a) Power to think
- (b) Power to reason
- (c) Judgment
 1. Common sense
 2. Propriety
 3. Judge not
- (d) Memory
- (e) Expression
- (f) Training.

Though the mind and body both need rest and recreation, it is their chief business to work. In preceding paragraphs, something brief has been said with reference to the conditions under which the body will work best. These same conditions are necessary for the intellect as well. Sleep, food, cleanliness, exercise and recreation are all essential to a healthy brain and should be supplied in right proportion.

Of INTELLECT itself, in this discussion, we need only say that a man's intellect is the source of his understanding. And as such it must direct his research and his operations. It must be depended upon to plan and execute his entire career. If in every effort of his life a man is to render intelligent service to his fellows, he must be directed and controlled by his intellect. There is no calling to which any ambitious young man would rightly aspire that does not require for success in its line the full power of a good and noble intellect.

Power to Think. Power to think is a quality of the intellect to be developed. Man is too often prone to accept from others what he should think out for himself. At the present time the market is so flooded with literature, and, in the main, good literature, too, that one usually finds it more convenient to accept the thoughts and ideas of another rather than to take time to think out thoughts and ideas of one's own. To such an extreme has this habit been carried that the criticism has been made and, perhaps, justly too, that the American public are today a reading rather than a thinking public, preferring their thought pre-digested, so to speak. This tendency must be overcome, and in its place the power to think should be established. Cultivate and maintain the power of concentration of the mind by close application each day to study. This should be done after you leave school, even if you are able to study but a few minutes at a time. Successful men think for themselves. Once the habit acquired, it will be invaluable.

Power to Reason. From the power to think comes the act of reasoning, *i. e.,* to weighing and balancing one's thoughts. Reason is the balance-wheel of the intellect and should be kept in poise. If it gets out of adjustment our whole life may suffer. We all like to deal with a reasonable man—one that is open-minded and fair. To him we like to go with our problems and our business; and from him we usually get the most assistance and the best service.

Judgment. Good judgment is the result of careful reasoning. Much depends for our welfare upon the conclusions reached by the intellect. A faulty decision may lead us many miles off in the wrong direction, while a sound one will keep us safely on the right track. Our judgment should be conservative lest we speculate too much with our time and our talents. A liberal amount of common-sense should be mixed with a man's reasoning and a strong sense of propriety should be developed and used as needed.

In this paragraph on judgment we must urge that you refrain from judging others, lest, according to Bible law, you, yourself be judged. It is not within the province of man to judge other men in the sense of prescribing punishment or reward, yet it is a man's privilege, for his own benefit and dealings, to make his own estimate of men. And in so doing we strongly advise that you do not make your estimate hastily and from one thing alone. At any time, you may see only a fragment of a man's character,—possibly a ragged edge—one that is unfavorable to the man. Be fair with others as well as with yourself and with strangers as well as with your friends. Have faith in your fellows.

Memory. Memory is the library of the mind in which are recorded an abstract of the transactions of the intellect. If the records are systematically arranged and well preserved they will constitute a splendid ready reference for use as long as life lasts. Like nearly all good things, a retentive memory can with effort be cultivated.

Expression. Expression is the means by which we convey our thoughts and emotions to others. The two common forms are writing and talking. Both are essential to success. When written expression is called for it is a big advantage to be able to write clearly and impressively. Oral expression is demanded almost every active hour in a person's life. Conversation is the most used form. Public speaking is required at times in public work. Each is an accomplishment to be cultivated in the highest degree. Unmeasured service can be, and very much of the service to others must be, rendered through the medium of oral and written expression—since the good we do is almost wholly done through contact with others.

Training. The training of the mind in school and college, its advantage and importance, has been discussed at some length in our former letter on Higher Education. The purpose of repetition here is to have the item appear in this outline, and to emphasize (1st) that the purpose of acquiring knowledge is action, and (2nd) to encourage a full and harmonious development of all the different qualities of the intellect.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Elder Parley Z. Hatch, Cheshire, England, October 27: "We are laboring in Hyde, Manchester Conference. We have a first-class branch, and the undivided support of Saints and friends who are many. As a result of tracting in Stalybridge a 'warning' appeared in *The Daily Dispatch* of October 8, 1913, which shows either the wilful ignorance or narrow-mindedness of some of the people. A writer in a magazine published in connection with St. Paul's Church, Stalybridge, warns the young women in the southeast corner of Lancashire that the emissaries of the Latter-day Saints are there. The writer goes on to say that while the unthinking 'people are disarmed by their display of truth the 'Mormon' emissaries may entice them to their meetinghouses and there inculcate the fuller teaching of their religion, which is in its very essence as contrary to the gospel of Christ as light is to darkness.' The lives of the Latter-day Saints, both in England and America, give the lie to this statement. The writer then goes on to give his warning in these words: 'Let the readers of this magazine be warned in time to shun the 'Mormon' emissaries and all their kind as they would a pestilence.' This same writer states also in the article that in the main the pamphlets which the elders circulate contain the true gospel, 'the particular exception to be taken is in the paragraph, Baptism for the Dead.' It is surpassing strange that our elders who teach the Christian truth can yet have a Christian warn people against them as this writer does. The elders are Lewis P. Maughan, Wellsville; front, Parley Z. Hatch, Woods Cross, Utah."



Voice of the Intangible

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN.

Chapter XXIII—Voice of the Cave

The gray light of February first, filtered through a cloudy sky, revealing to the heavy-eyed Rojer outfit that they stood on the very spot of ground where Ben, returning with moccasined feet and the stampeded horses, had met his father with a lunch and a canteen of water. The warmth and sunshine of that day, with its good will and loving words, came echoing back from the chilly stillness all around, a withering contrast to the present cold morning with rank danger skulking somewhere behind the hills.

The tender words of that greeting hung petrified on the desert air, and the whole scene repeated itself so vividly in Ben's mind, that he brought his big red handkerchief slyly from his pocket, and brushed it across his eyes. "I'm not quite alone yet," he mused, keeping his face turned away from Juan, "Soorowits may be dangerously near, but his blood is not on my hands, and I'm not haunted if I am hunted."

When the broad light of day followed the dim morning, they rounded the horses into a crooked ravine, for where to go had not ceased to be the leading question. The riddle of self-preservation was trying enough of itself, but saving his own life and the life of his murderous enemy as well, formed a magnificent problem, a new problem. And still the dangling, cumbersome weapons hung heavily upon him.

"We'll go home," he said in answer to Juan's query; and they started the horses up the ravine. It wouldn't do. Moving up that wash, produced a bad feeling in Ben's mind. He began to reconsider: when Soorowits found their camp deserted, he would naturally think they had started home, and he would of course try to beat them to Clay Hill, and waylay them in the pass. At least that seemed highly probable, though a dozen reasons came up to show why he would choose any one of ten other ways.

With many doubts and misgivings, he reversed their direction, peeping cautiously out of the ravine at every opportune place, to see if anyone moved. No sound smote upon their ears, and no speck changed position in the blue winter mist of the distance.

They dropped into North Fork at the lower trail, and followed hesitatingly over the cut-off to the short fork next to the lake. Weak and faint with hunger and exhaustion, they made camp in

a cove, hobbled their horses on the wire-grass, and making a small fire with as little smoke as possible, prepared the first food in twenty-four hours, having dispensed with supper in the excitement of the previous evening.

Dinner over, the short day was too far spent to attempt any ride, even if they had felt disposed to try it. Ben wanted to take a walk over to the corral and the old camp-ground, and Juan, ever willing and obedient, agreed to guard camp and the horses.

Young Rojer clung to his guns like a man in a dream, though he was going, not to the corral and the old camp, but to the cave near by them. He descended through a crevice to the gulch-bottom, and followed a fringe of willows to the grove below the genial old cavern.

In the years past, he had never climbed that hill feeling so dejected,—so utterly desolate as now. He half wished Mike had missed the track, and left him to fall peacefully asleep, easy game to the prowlers and plotters who would have found him before he awoke. Across the rocky barriers of the cave he stumbled, and sank forlornly on a rough, cold stone which jutted up from the sand.

"By George, it's a weary road to travel," he said to the silence.

> "'Oh, weary life! Oh, weary death!
> Oh, spirit and heart made desolate!
> Oh, damned vacillating state!'"

His bitterness met no response from any cold recess of the cavern. Silence,—cold, unfeeling silence made the place like any one of ten thousand of its kind in the region of Pagahrit. Had the Intangible failed? Had he come in his hour of grief and



"Like any one of ten thousand of its kind in the region of Pagahrit"

anxiety to find his last anchor lost or removed? Or had he forgotten the sound of the voice and become dull of hearing?

He sank to his knees only to rise again, remove his belt and revolver and place them on a rock several feet away, for, said he to himself, "They're not in keeping with this performance." Then he bowed on the sand, according to the precept of his rigorous experience, and poured out his troubled feelings in the same broken-hearted simplicity with which he had poured them out in childish years on his dear mother's old apron, when he stood no higher than her knee.

"Oh deliver me from this wild man," he pleaded, "nor bring the blight of his blood upon me. I could ambush him if I were fierce and ignorant as he is, without conscience or heart to restrain the hot spirit of revenge. I am here in this fever of apprehension because I feared to take human life."

When he had told it all, and found the soothing tears of the little Ben Rojer to mingle with the earnestness of his petition, he leaned back against the wall of the cave and lapsed into a profound study, staring absently at an opening in the limbs. Not that he found anything of interest in those naked twigs,—he stared as a man whose thoughts are engrossed with things far away.

And while he gazed with the set eyes of an image, behold the cottonwood buds began to swell, the warm light of spring broke gladly in upon the cold sand around him, song-birds flew into the trees, and the scent of wild flowers drifted in from the sand-hills. The great Intangible called and sang from every cliff and grove. It spoke from the boiling spring by the bog, it whispered in the mild May wind, and called from a thousand feathered throats in the brush and willows.

From such a world of peace and warmth and light, nothing seemed more fitting and natural than for Ben's own dear father to come climbing up the hill, and meet him mid-way of the cave in that old embrace,—that sacred expression of love in times past. It made no difference that Ben was tall and broad,—that he wore high boots and long spurs and a wide, black hat, it made no difference that his clothes were rough and soiled, and a stubby beard was on his face; the fatherly arms enfolded the once tender boy, and the fatherly tear said more in silence than words could tell.

When their arms were lowered they faced each other, men of the same height and stature, holding the communion of soul with soul which had grown up between man and boy. The father was dressed very much the same as Ben had seen him in the old log meetinghouse, his clothes well pressed, his linen spotless; and the dear old hands may have held a book, for nothing seemed

wanting to enhance the dignity and majesty which had characterized the mortal man.

In their communion they recalled the old log house, and some of its hymns echoed in the cavern behind them. Once, as if borne on a swell of the wind, two lines came clearly from some invisible choir; and the alto and bass and heavenly tenor rang out distinctly,

"All around and all above
Sweetly whisper, 'God is love.'"

All that is sweet in a strain of music wafted on the desert air, came floating peacefully into that cave, sanctifying the sand and the rocks, and even the date with its notches on the wall.

"Son, I'm permitted to represent the Intangible today," began Fred Rojer, still looking, "I come to tell you a little more plainly, some things which have been said to you here before. You have read that 'there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding.' You have also read of 'the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' that Light 'enlighteneth every man through the world,' if he will but use his eyes and ears as becometh a real man. I have come to tell you that every man can be guided by that light into the successful finishing of all parts in his divine program, if he will. This is what I tried by word and song and example to teach you,—it is the Light I wanted you to see, the Voice I wanted you to hear when we camped at Peavine. I couldn't speak plainly to you then as now; and even now it is not clear like it will be when you begin to mature your labors here."

Ben stood transfixed, "all trivial, fond records wiped from the table of his memory" for the reception of these precious words.

"It is your nature," the father continued, "to dote on company, and when first you found yourself alone, you became desperate with a strange fear. After a while you discovered and began to court favor with the gentle essence which fills space,—the loving yet powerful influence which follows man into the desert as well as into the busy market. And then when you mingled with men, you forgot the worth of this wilderness company till you felt again the necessity of seeking after it. This Pagahrit region and Peavine and the Ridge, have made you acquainted with the greatest force of earth, which you otherwise might have been slow to discern. You have called it the Intangible, but it is the true Light which would 'enlighten all men through the world if they would hearken to it.' I am commanded also to tell you—that Pagahrit has all but served its purpose in your training,—that you should dispose of the cattle and buy a farm."

While Young Rojer looked and listened, there came into his

soul a burning desire to follow his father back to "the hazy distance," or at least to learn some particulars of that mysterious realm. And yet, when those dear lips paused, he found himself held off by that same soul-barrier, over which he could never pass without invitation in his father's lifetime. He found freedom to say only: "O do give me some pointer or assurance for this ugly shape which has been coming towards me ever since you went away."

"Your hearing was good when you interpreted the Voice to say, 'Stay away from Clay hill.' I say so, too, for the present. Finish your work in peace and go home through Bull Valley. Further than this I may only tell you to keep in strict harmony with this which you call the Intangible."

With this, Fred Rojer bade his son a tender farewell, and moved quickly and quietly out of the cave. Ben started up to see which direction his father would take—in fact he started up so suddenly, that he struck his hand on a stone and awakened himself from a deep sleep.

The sun was low, the clouds dark, the day as chill and gloomy as before. The hills were bare, the trees naked, and no songsters in the gulch, nor musical babble from the ice-bound spring by the bog. But Young Rojer did not see it through gloomy eyes. He believed his dream, though he did not call it a dream when he referred to it in conversation with himself. By virtue of all he had ever seen and proved and known of the great Intangible, he believed a direct message had come to him from the Intangible realms beyond "the hazy distance."

To the date on the wall he added another notch, deep and wide, buckled on his sixshooter, shouldered his gun, and marched down the hill and across the open space in the gulch.

Long after the weary Mexican had been assured and persuaded into sound sleep that night, Ben lay wide awake on his pillow looking up at the drifting clouds. The night was still but for whispers and murmurs which crept up from the open space in the half-frozen lake. In his peace and assurance he could almost hear again the words of his father in the cave.

"Oh where is he?" he whispered, raising on his elbow, "I surely saw him; I know that he is, and that I could see him again, but for this barrier of blindness which I can neither explain nor remove."

A man more intellectual and less obedient than Juan, would never have been pacified by such things as Ben saw fit to tell; and when they had made their way unmolested through Bull Valley, and out into the cedars of the Ridge, the "Chili con carne" became more loyal and devoted than ever before.

Chapter XXIV.—A Navajo Guide.

One bright morning late in February, as Ben chopped a tough cottonwood limb into stove-wood lengths, Jimmy Baneehlizhen rode up on the outside of the fence, to the stakes of which he fastened his horse and climbed over. When they had greeted each other after the manner of their adopted brotherhood, the Navajo seated himself stiffly on a log, and Young Rojer swung the ax again; it was not his turn to speak. He prized the high esteem of this big, brown brother, and resolved to hazard upon it none of the empty features of pale-faced etiquette.

"Your friend—where is he?" asked Jimmy, after the conventional term of silence, and a tone of good-natured satire lurked in his oily words.

"Which friend?" asked Ben, still chopping.

"Big man—yellow mustache—the descendant of a snake," and Jimmy grinned his even rows of white teeth into sight, as Young Rojer recognized the description of Montana.

"You say where he is," suggested Ben, fearing a thrust from some unguarded quarter.

The Navajo indulged a wide smile at his white brother's expense, and began: "He rode your best horse. He rode fast. He looked back often to see if you followed."

"Did you watch a man run away with my best horse? Did you laugh and forget I was your brother?" asked Young Rojer with mild reproach.

"*Doc tah!* I heard it seven days ago," protested the other, overruling Ben's censure with a smile.

The Navajo tongue is eloquent, but Navajo gesture is super-eloquent, and Jimmy was a consummate master of both. If you are not acquainted with this superior race of red-men, you may form no proper idea of the dignity and charm with which this turbaned brother sat erect on the wood-pile, and depicted the furious flight of the frantic Southerner.

"The snake's boy rode fast," he went on in his dove's-tongue idiom, "your best horse was wet all over; his eyes stood out like big beads. Your best horse panted and stumbled; the snake's boy hit him on the head with a pistol. Then the snake's boy lassoed a Navajo's good horse. He left your horse; he road fast on the Navajo horse. Afterwhile he left that horse, all wet and sick, and rode fast on another horse. Away over there he caught another horse, and then another, and went away off. I don't know where he went."

Snip's beady eyes and the six-shooter for a whip, smote sharply on Ben's ears, but he smiled at the way "the wicked flee

when no man pursueth;" for he had heard how Montana left the J. B. outfit in the night time, and fled from a posse of officers, who existed only in his troubled imagination. He had also heard how the Southerner found the tracks of the Wooden-shoe boys, who made an emergency trip back from the winter-range,—and how those tracks had bred panic in the apprehensive mind, and drove the desperate man headlong from the Elk Mountain towards the distant wilds of Arizona.

It was all funny enough from one point of view, but when Young Rojer recalled, "Yes, kid, I see'im sometimes," he understood something of the madness and misery which drove the criminal onward. It was the paralyzing terror and fright with which old Cain fled from the smoking blood of his brother. That awful vision rose ever and ever afresh before the haunted mind of Montana, and drove him about as "a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." The law might lose track of him, but the Intangible, never; it would accuse him by every breeze and every calm,—it would drive him from one mountain and one den to another,—it would pursue him with the withering question: "Where is thy brother? for his blood crieth from the ground against thee."

Ben could appreciate these things the more keenly because of a vivid picture which rose to his mind, of two blood-stained men with their dead faces turned up to the cloudy morning sky. "Thank heaven it was only a dream!" he mused with an emotion which almost moved his lips, "Thank heaven for that Something which stayed my wicked intentions on the verge of a terrible deed."

Jimmy sat silently on the log, studying his white brother's face. "Bad man, snake-spirit," he said, in confirmation of Ben's apparent thoughts.

"You speak the truth," answered the white brother.

Further conversation developed the fact, that Snip was claimed by a Navajo fifteen miles south of Rincone, and Jimmy volunteered to act as pilot to the place. So when he had accepted the invitation, and done healthy justice to a square meal, the two brothers crossed the San Juan at the ford, and proceeded southwest into the sand-hills of the Navajo Reservation.

Dignity and power of soul appeal passively to the eyes and ears, but positively to the inner sense of immortal worth. While Young Rojer rode on over the sand with Jimmy Baneehlizhen, he heard little, for little was said; and he saw only the stalwart specimen of physical manhood so common among the Navajos. Yet every succeeding mile of that trail, bore stronger testimony of Jimmy's bigness of mind and keenness of discernment.

"Surely he hears the Intangible," thought Ben, meeting the



NAVAJO SPECIMENS OF PHYSICAL MANHOOD

great black eyes squarely, "for he speaks with his look, and I feel its meaning."

Be-ka-yo-ich-ne claimed the animal in question, old Snip, He had brought his own horse back from its lathering chase, and the Navajos beyond had likewise recovered their property, following Montana's trail to some distant place. Of the dozen or more thus imposed upon, Be-ka alone came out the better by one horse; but in spite of this good fortune, the old man insisted on a fancy price for Snip.

"Give my white brother his horse," said Jimmy, assuming more authority than age is wont to respect from youth, "and I shall mention you in my song."

"Now the songs of medicine men are good or bad, in proportion to the prestige of the medicine man himself; and when old Be-ka yielded the point without further parley, it spoke loudly for Jimmy's mighty influence. Ben knew that many men would regard this very act as a fine example of ignorance and superstition; and though neither the man to sing nor the man to be sung about could give a strictly intelligent reason for it, the fact remained that Jimmy had magnetism. His magnetism moved men, and chorded with the voice of nature. Better still, it had come as a reward of intense thought and deep feelings of soul. What the difference if they could not explain it? Neither would Ben try to explain about the Intangible, though he considered his knowledge of it to be the most precious of his mental treasures; and he knew that deeply beneath the superstitious-looking surface, these men of the hills were serving, as best they could, the great Something which calls to all men, and brings them sooner or later to recognize its voice; the same Power which, according to Fred Rojer, "enlightens every man that cometh into the world."

When old Be-ka toddled contentedly back into his *hogon*, Jimmy said, "Come on," motioning at the same time with his brown hand in the direction of Rincone; and Ben simply grunted his hearty assent and followed up, leading Snip behind. The ac-

tion was epidemic, like that wireless telegraphy, by means of which a flock of black-birds rise simultaneously from the ground, or make a sharp turn in mid-air without leaving one behind. This strange unity of impulse in the white and the brown brother, did not escape Ben's scrutiny, and he kept along-side with the interest of a man who studies his favorite kind of riddle.

A man who had known no Intangible, would have found no charm in that prosy-looking Navajo. Ben found it. While he regarded the stately brown form, and felt the personal power which drew men as a magnet draws steel, he considered the untoward environments of child-life in a *hogon,* and the weary, weary days in the hot sun with a flock of sheep,—and reflected that it must have been a superior intelligence indeed, to mount up unassisted from those things, to the enviable place of Jimmy Baneehlizhen. Also he felt an eager desire to know what, from the Navajo view-point, had exalted the young medicine-man above his fellows.



A TYPICAL HOGON ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER

It is not unlikely, that even in Ben's narrow circle of acquaintances, there were scores of men who would think no more of him for the interest he took in the young medicine-man, nor for the visit he made to the Rincone *hogons,*—men who look only from the commercial view-point, and with their cold mathematical eyes, try to calculate how much over-work they can get out of a Navajo for under-pay, or for how much of his hard-earned money they can bleed him in a trade. It is not unlikely that those same men hear only a meaningless noise in the wind and the stream,—that in their pursuit of the dollar, they have never looked or list-

ened for anything else, tangible or intangible; but have bolted irreverently through the green wood and trampled the scented flowers, regarding their most intelligent horse only as a kind of automatic vehicle, or an article of merchandise to be bartered for gain.

Their opinion had small weight with Ben Rojer. He saw in his dusky companion, the soul of a great man, born among mighty difficulties, a soul who, because of his woefully limited ways and means, had harked deep in the isolation of desert and mountain, for voices unsought and unheard by many fortunate creatures who boast of civilization. When Ben looked into those great, trusting, black eyes, he beheld the majesty of a real, living soul with the red pulse of life,—with the sparkle of climbing intelligence; a soul whose two talents brought a much higher rate of interest than those of many a fairer man who buried his ten in the earth, or turned them into cash at a terrible discount.

Why should Ben not go on? And why should he not think when he saw the Navajo shepherds, old and young, doing honor to his brown brother, "Whence hath this man all these things, seeing he never learned letters?"

Why should Young Rojer not go into the *hogon,* and express his heartfelt pleasure at meeting the father and mother, of whom the stalwart Jimmy was so proud? Why should he not shake hands with Jimmy's sisters? whose standard of chastity took them miles out of their way to avoid seeing the immoral "son of a snake." And why should he not, under Jimmy's own smoke-flue, look his love and blessing upon the womanly young mother, who completed this wonderful freak of Navajo manhood?

"How is it," Ben asked, communing again with the big black eyes, "men come from all around and give you money to tell them what herbs they shall use? They have faith in your songs. Your words are good, but the words and songs of these boys all around are nothing. How is it?"

"The wind and the river called me," he said. "When I watched the sheep, the Great Spirit spoke from the rolling waves on the quicksand. I heard it. In the noise before the storm, and in the clouds and the rain I heard it calling."

"Why didn't the other boys hear? They tended sheep."

"They never listen. They talk much. They laugh at the things which please children. They can not see far away."

"Perhaps I am a child, too."

"Doe tah! Your eyes see. Your ears hear. We heard the same stream. The same Voice has made us brothers. We see alike; we hear alike; we are big brothers; we hear the Great Spirit."

"I know what it says to me; what does it say to you?"

"It tells me of the big men who looked and listened; they talked with the wind; they rode upon it into the black clouds. It tells me their eyes are like the sun,—their songs like thunder before a shower. It tells me they sit down in great peace beyond the sunset. It says much. I can tell but little."

When they came out of the *hogon,* the sun hung low over the ragged horizon. Jimmy and his wife stood side by side, looking at or worshiping the long bars of red and gold, beyond the dazzling glory of which, their ideals of perfection sat enthroned in majesty and power.

"Nizzadi! Nizzadi!" (Distant! Distant!) breathed the medicine-man, motioning with his powerful arm towards the enchanted west; and he turned his big black eyes on Ben, to express in the eloquence of silence, the great God-feeling which defied his tongue.

Young Rojer met the gaze with one Navajo word meaning, "I know it," or, "I understand it."

This unique brotherhood tolerated moderate speech at certain times, but at other times it called for stern silence. The parting in the sunset was one of those other times. After shaking hands with Brother and Sister Baneehlizhen, Ben mounted Flossy and turned towards the nearest ford; and while the water protested petulantly against each hoof thrust into its even current, the words came up from the stream or the cottonwoods on the bank into Ben's recollection:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Solomon and the Bees

BY JOHN G. SAXE

[John G. Saxe, American poet and humorist, was born in Highgate, Vt., in 1816, and died at Albany, N. Y., in 1887. His literary reputation rests chiefly on his short poems, of which the following is a typical example. These productions are characterized by a light humor, and, at the same time, by the valuable moral, or historical lessons they convey. According to good authorities, as a humorist, Saxe ranks next to Lowell and Holmes.]

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came,
(So in the Talmud you may read the story.)
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendor of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone: much had her highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing."
But still the sage was silent,—it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes,—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head:
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please,
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees.

Jim Bridger, "Our First Citizen"

(*Continued from the December* ERA, *1913*)

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

II

Towards the close of the year 1849, William Drannan, then a young scout and trapper, asserts that he and a companion found Jim Bridger "laying around" at Taos, New Mexico:

"We went to the house where Jim was boarding, and we found him in one of his talkative moods. We asked him what he proposed doing this winter; he said, 'I am going out trapping, and I want you boys to go with me.'

"I asked him where he was going to trap, and he said he thought he would trap on the head of the Cache-la-Poudre (a stream a little to the north of what is now Denver, Colorado), and the quicker we went the better it would be for us. 'I have all the traps we will need this winter,' he said; 'now you boys go to work and mold a lot of bullets.'"

Thus from Drannan's account we get sight of our old hero once more, and are able to follow him a number of years. We learn that he trapped beaver during the winter of 1849-50 on the Cache-la-Poudre, had good success, and in the spring departed for Bent's Fort with his cargo of furs; says Drannan:

"Here we met Kit Carson, who had just returned from a trip back east. Carson said to Bridger, 'Now, Jim, I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you and Will,' meaning me, 'to go over to Fort Kearney and escort emigrants across to California this season, for the gold excitement back in the eastern states is something wonderful, and there will be thousands of emigrants going to the gold fields of California, and they do not know the danger they will have to contend with, and you two men can save many lives this summer by going to Fort Kearney and meeting the emigrants there and escorting them through. Many times you will seem to take your lives in your hands, for the Indians will be worse on the plains this year than they have ever been. I know, boys, you can get good wages out of this thing, and I want you to take hold of it, and you, Jim, I know you have no better friend than General Kearney, and he will assist you boys in every way he can. I almost feel as though I ought to go myself, but cannot leave my family at the present time; now, Jim, will you go?' Bridger jumped up, rubbed his hands together, and said, 'I'll be dog-goned if I won't—if Will goes with me.'"

I like to think of these knights of the plains, these minute men in buckskin, these dauntless scouts and path-finders in the

Great West, ready on a moment's notice for any act of adventure that would prove productive of a good result. They came and they went at will. They seemed to bear a charmed life among the dangers that surrounded them, constantly alert for wild animals and savage tribes.

For two seasons, now, during 1850-51, I learn that Bridger guided emigrants across the plains to California. His stipulation with the gold-seekers was that he receive $4.00 per day, "pay every Saturday night." That he bore out the predictions of Kit Carson that he would save many lives, history amply shows. The emigrants of those years, whose one thought centered on the yellow metal of California, were almost without exception entirely ignorant of the dangers that might beset them on their long and arduous journey to the West. The first train that engaged Bridger was traveling promiscuously, without a captain, without scouts or guards. What he did for them is well illustrated by Drannan's further account:

"There were four hundred eighty-six men and ninety women in the train, and they had one hundred and forty-eight wagons. Everything moved smoothly until we were near the head of the North Platte river. We were now in the Sioux country, and I began to see plenty of Indian signs. Jim and I arranged that a certain signal meant to corral the wagons at once. As I was crossing the divide at the head of the Sweetwater, I discovered quite a band of Indians coming directly toward the train, but I did not think they had seen it yet. I rode back as fast as my horse could carry me. When I saw the train I signalled to Jim to corral, and I never saw such a number of wagons corraled so quickly, before or since, as they were. Jim told the women and children to leave the wagons and go inside the corral, and he told the men to stand outside with their guns ready for action, but to hold their fire until he gave the word, and he said, 'When you shoot, shoot to kill, and do your duty as brave men should.'

"In a moment the Indians were in sight, coming over the hill at full speed. When they saw the wagons they gave the warwhoop. This scared the women, and they began to cry and scream, and cling to their children. Jim jumped up on a wagon tongue and shouted to the top of his voice, 'For God's sake, women, keep still, or you will all be killed.' This had the effect that he desired, and there was not a word or sound out of them. When the Indians were within a hundred yards from us, their yelling was terrible to hear. Jim now said, 'Now, boys, give it to them, and let the red devils have something to yell about,' and I never saw men stand up and fight better than these emigrants.

"In a few minutes the fight was over, and what was left of the Indians got away in short order. We did not lose a man, and only one was slightly wounded. There were sixty-three dead warriors on the field, and we captured twenty horses.

"It was six miles from here to the nearest water, so we had to drive that distance to find a place to camp. We reached the camping ground a little before sunset. After attending to the teams and stationing the guards for the night, Captain Davis came to Jim and me and said, 'The ladies want to give you a reception tonight.' Jim said, 'What for?' Davis replied, 'Saving our lives from those horrible sav-

ages.' Jim answered, 'Why, durn it all, ain't that what you are paying us for? We just done our duty and no more, and we intend to do it all the way to California!' "

The above portrays in graphic style the life of our old friend as a scout and guide. It shows that the Indian ways and wiles were fully known to him; and how easy it was for him to face great danger unafraid.

Many and varied were the experiences of this and subsequent trips. It is interesting to me that when Bridger arrived safely with his company in Sacramento valley, he left them and turned again to the wilderness. The sight of civilization always discomforted him. Once, years later, he remarked to a friend in the city of Denver that he did not like the "canyons of the cities," meaning the narrow streets with the high buildings on either side. He was a path-finder, a forerunner of the home-builder; for all the West was his home, and he was at peace where he chanced to find himself over night.

In the fall of this same year, after Bridger had safely brought two trains of emigrants across the mountains to their destination in California, he and young Drannan made their way, by traveling nights and sleeping days, alone across what is now the state of Nevada, central Utah and southern Colorado, (then a hostile Indian country) to Taos, New Mexico. "On this trip" says Drannan, "we traveled some twelve or fifteen hundred miles, and we never saw a white person the whole way, and not even the sign of one."

The following year, (1851) Bridger is heard of again at Fort Kearney, looking for opportunity to guide emigrants to the gold fields. He was readily engaged by the first train that came along. His easy, pleasant manner and exact knowledge of all conditions in the Indian country soon made him a favorite among the people. Drannan relates several instances of how Bridger amused the emigrants on this trip. The following one happened on a day when the party had been successful in killing a number of buffalo, and Bridger knew that with the coming on of night coyotes would be attracted by the carcases:

"After we had finished supper Jim stood up, and in a loud voice said, 'Ladies, how many of you can dance?' I think there were as many as twenty-five who answered 'I can dance.' Jim said, 'All right; get ready, and after dark we will have lots of music.' One of the men asked, 'Where are you going to get your music?' Jim answered, 'Why, dog-gon it, Will and Mr. Henderson have engaged a band to play for us tonight.' And in a few moments the band struck up in a coyote howl, and Jim laughed and said, 'There, didn't I promise you a band? Isn't that music?' And from then on until midnight the howling never ceased."

One lively adventure after another occurred on this trip.

In an encounter with Indians, several of the red warriors were killed and scalped. Bridger thereupon showed the crowd how the scalp dance was done, much to their alternating delight and horror. In camp at Soda Springs he encouraged the people to drink of the bubbling water, and then stood by and watched with a smile the effect it had upon them. Friendly old Jim.

When the party neared Sacramento Valley, the end of its long and arduous trip, Bridger and his companion explained that their services were no longer needed and they would return again to the wilds. Why did they not accompany these gold seekers, and also make their homes in the land of sunshine and flowers? They could not! The wild life of the hills, the great solitude of the plains, was their home. They had heard the "Call of the Wild" and they had answered. Can you see them? Can you follow them? Two dusty, dirt-begrimed, buck-skin covered travelers; long and gaunt, their grey eyes searching the landscape, far and near; their tired ponies plodding along over the sagebrush-covered valleys and hills on that little journey of fifteen hundred miles.

At this juncture I lose account of old Jim again for a number of years, and have searched the records in vain for mention of him. Not until 1856, the year of the sufferings of our belated hand-cart pioneers, does his name appear, and this time in connection with our own people. President Young had looked upon the old trapper's "Fort," on Black's Fork of Green River, as a suitable base of supplies for emigrants, and in this year he bargained with Bridger for the purchase of it. In one of our Church records there is brief mention of the transaction:

> "President Brigham Young purchased of James Bridger a Mexican grant of thirty miles of land and some cabins known as Fort Bridger, for which he paid $8,000 in gold; the deeds of this property are still in his possession. He erected a stone fort and corrals for the protection of animals, and made other improvements on the ranch, expending about $8,000 more."

What our old scout did with so much money in the country where he loved to roam is almost beyond my imagination. One writer who gives no definite dates, probably not finding any, says of Bridger, that "later in life he purchased a farm at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City, Missouri, but finding farming intolerable he returned to the mountains." I construe that his purchase must have been made about this time.

In June, 1859, Captain Drannan asserts that he was with Kit Carson and Jim Bridger at the Cherry Creek gold fields, in Colorado. Denver at the time comprised only a few cabins, but "it was amazing," says Drannan, "to see the number of people that were coming in there every day." It was with wonderment that

Bridger regarded this scene. "Where in the name of common sense do all these people come from?" he is said to have remarked.

The wilderness was changing. A strange feeling it must have given the man who had known it more than thirty years in its natural, wild state. As it had been it was his home, but the encroachments of civilization verily meant that all that had made a life like his possible was passing away forever. Still he clung to the West, and shifted scenes as often as it was necessary to avoid the growing communities.

From the above period of time until the end of the trapper's life I shall have to rely upon the acccount of Mr. Arthur Chapman, published in the *Outing Magazine*. The facts have been obscured from me, but were evidently well known to the writer.

Says Mr. Chapman:

"Bridger's greatest work as guide was done from 1865 through the war with Red Cloud in 1866. He was chief guide of the Powder river expedition, under General Conner, which penetrated the heart of the hostile Indian country with the idea of so punishing the savages that travel over the Overland and Bozeman trails would be made safe.

"Bridger guided Colonel Carrington to the Powder river in 1866 when that intrepid commander built Fort Philip Kearney in the very heart of the hunting ground of the great Sioux warrior, Red Cloud. This mighty warrior kept Fort Kearney in a state of siege for two years and made travel over the Bozeman trail a matter of the greatest hazard.

"When the chief engineer of the Union Pacific had well nigh given up hope of getting his rails across the Divide, it was Jim Bridger who showed an available pass which he had traversed years before in his trapping days, and the existence of which no other white man knew.

"At one time Bridger sought to leave the wild, free life of the West and settle down to a farmer's life. He bought a farm near Kansas City, but soon the plains called him, and he turned his face again toward the country he loved so well. It was not until he began to lose his eye-sight that the greatest of trappers and guides left the wilds, to return no more. In 1870 he retired to his farm and waited for the end that was slow in coming. Almost totally blind he would mount an old horse, and, accompanied by a faithful dog, would make the rounds of his farm. Sometimes he would wander away and the dog would run back to the house and whine until somebody would go in search of his master. There is a world of pathos in the thought of Bridger, once the keenest-eyed of men, thus groping and helpless in his old age. The end of all came July 17, 1881."

I am told that a beautiful marble shaft, in the cemetery between Kansas City and Independence, Missouri, marks the resting place of our old hero; that some years ago his body was rescued from an unknown grave by admiring friends and lowered again amid ceremonies of respect and honor. Is it not a curious

coincidence that this old trapper, who was the first to spy out the land where we now reside, has for his last resting place a silent home within the confines of a land inseparably connected with our hopes and aspirations?

* * * * * * * * *

That Jim Bridger was an exceptional man among the rude horde of trappers with whom he associated for so many years, is attested by all who knew him. Chittenden, in his book on the Yellowtsone Park says:

"The common verdict of his many employers, from Robert Campbell down to Captain Reynolds, is that, as a guide, he was without an equal. He was a born topographer. The whole West was mapped out in his mind as an exhaustive atlas. Such was his instinctive sense of locality and direction that he could 'smell his way' where he could not see it."

In Gunnison's book on the "Mormons" there is this of Bridger:

"The Builder of Fort Bridger is one of the hardy race of mountain trappers who are now disappearing from the continent, being enclosed in the wave of civilization. These trappers have made a thousand fortunes for eastern men, and by their improvidence have nothing for themselves. Major Bridger, or 'Old Jim' has been more wise of late and has laid aside a competence, but the mountain tastes, fostered by twenty-eight years of exciting scenes, will probably keep him there for life. He has been very active, and traversed the region from the head waters of the Missouri to the Del Norte, along the Gila (which Bridger called the 'Helee'), to the Gulf and thence throughout Oregon and the interior of California. His graphic sketches are delightful romances."

Captain H. E. Palmer, who kept a record of General Connor's expedition to guard the Montana trail, for which Bridger acted as guide, tells an interesting little story illustrating Bridger's possession of the "plainsman's eye:"

"As I lowered my glass, the Major (Bridger) said, 'Do you see those columns of smoke over yonder?' I replied 'Where, Major?' To which he answered, 'Over there by that saddle,' meaning a depression in the hills not unlike the shape of a saddle, pointing at the same time to a point fully fifty miles away. I again raised my glass to my eyes and took a long earnest look, but for the life of me could not see any columns of smoke even with a strong field glass. The major was looking without any artificial help. The atmosphere appeared to be slightly hazy in the long distance, like smoke, but there were no distinct columns of smoke in sight. But knowing the peculiarities of my frontier friend I agreed with him that there were columns of smoke and suggested that we had better get off our horses and let them feed until the General came up. The General raised his glass and scanned the horizon closely. After a long look he remarked that there were no columns of smoke to be seen. The Major quietly mounted his horse and rode on * * * I galloped on and over-

took the Major and as I came up to him overheard him remark about these damn paper-collared soldiers telling him there were no columns of smoke.

"It afterwards transpired that there was an Indian village in the immediate locality designated."

The following excellent tribute is from a recent history of the State of New Mexico:

"Jim Bridger was the most conspicuous figure among the old mountaineers. He was a trail maker in every sense of the word. The greatest fur-hunter and the greatest path-finder of them all, and possessing the most intimate knowledge of the Indian nature ever vouchsafed a white man, Bridger will grow in stature as time goes on and accurate history is written.

"The Rocky Mountains had no secrets for him. He was the first to look upon Great Salt Lake. Seemingly bearing a charmed life, he wandered through the Indian's country, sometimes fighting, but more often living their life, and finding a solace of true brotherhood at the lodge fire. Every mountain climbed by him, and every stream he crossed was written down in the most marvelous memory ever granted to a mountaineer."

Be Careful of Your Words

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—*The Pansy.*

Salvation

BY WILLIAM HALLS

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation." Taken in its broad sense, salvation means not merely freedom from condemnation and suffering in the world to come, but also from the evils of this world.

The principles of good and evil always did, and always will exist, as essential opposites. The want of understanding this necessary truth, has caused many to stumble, and to censure the Almighty for allowing evil to exist. If he had not wished Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, why did he place the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden? Why did he not banish Lucifer from the garden before the temptation instead of after? In the background, behind these symbols, are principles that had no beginning and will have no end; without these opposites there would be no choice; man could not exercise his agency. As a child of God, he must learn by experience, he must be as free and independent in his sphere as the Almighty is in his, yet always subject to law. If it were not for gravitation there would be no stability, man would have no solid footing. Yet in his movements, man is handicapped by this law. When he lifts a rock it hinders him all it can; but when he puts it on the wall, it relents and comes to his assistance by holding it to its place, and setting the seal of its approval on his work, hence the law of compensation. There are always two sides to a balance; to pull one down, you must lift the other up. This resistance is ever present and will persist.

Our Father in Heaven, having passed through all the experiences we are passing through, knows all the trials and temptations of mortal life, and he has pointed out the way by which we may be saved from the evils we must meet. Life involves a constant struggle with adverse conditions. Man has many weaknesses incident to human nature, and if left to himself he would be overcome. Why these weaknesses? Why is he so constituted? Is there some mistake in his creation? The answer is, no; these weaknesses are all necessary, they are blessings in disguise. They are like a two-edged sword; they cut both ways. If yielded to, they drag us down to lower levels; but if controlled and brought into subjection, they lift us up to higher planes. It is not the province of the gospel of Christ to take these weaknesses from us, but to help us to control them. It is by overcoming our weak-

nesses that we gain power. As a rule of conduct to govern men, the Lord has given certain commandments which are included in the gospel of Christ. Assuming that unbelief and disobedience to the principles of the gospel of Christ have caused the evils of the world, we may presume that faith in and obedience to these principles will overcome them.

The Lord has given a revelation to the Saints, called a "Word of Wisdom," and as a result no true Latter-day Saint uses tobacco nor strong drink, tea nor coffee. This is the power of God unto salvation for the Saints against intemperance.

"Thou shalt not kill."

If this were obeyed, there would be no need of battle-ships, armies and navies might be disbanded, and the fear of war would be taken from the hearts of men, and peace would prevail.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

This would remove the social evil, with its prostitution, white slavery, and the disease and misery it causes.

"And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." This would end despotism and tyranny, removing all incentive to evil war, and peace and contentment would become general.

"The powers of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and can only be exercised by persuasion and kindness." This would do away with persecution on account of difference of religious belief, and leave every man free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

The evils of intemperance are so appalling as to need no comment here. The shedding of the blood of millions of innocent men, and the burdens the fear of war is imposing on the people, are bankrupting the nations. The "social evil" has no parallel in nature; it not only defiles the body, it deadens the soul, and makes spiritual development impossible. Kingcraft tells its own story, in the pomp, splendor, and extravagance of the favored few; and in the squalor and poverty of the many. Priestcraft has exalted itself above the prerogative of Deity, by depriving men of their agency. To enforce its dogmas, it has shed the blood of millions, it has filled the minds of the greatest thinkers and writers (those who most influence public sentiment) with contempt for all forms of religion, resulting in an almost universal unbelief in the scriptures and in Jesus Christ the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world. The Sabbath is turned into a day of pleasure-seeking. There is unbelief in the sanctity of marriage, conjugal infidelity, multiplied divorce, and weakening of family ties, and parental and filial affection. The prevalence of these and kindred evils is not questioned; the question is, what is the remedy? Both men and women are organizing and giving their time and means for the

betterment of mankind, and each is doing good in its sphere, but there is lack of cohesion, the work must be unified to become effective. It must be centralized; there must be a presiding council to direct the work.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is an organization with the remedy. With its presidency and the twelve apostles to direct the work, it has a divine mission, with divine authority to preach the Gospel of Christ, the power of God unto salvation, unto all nations. All who will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, repent of their sins, be baptized by immersion in water for the remission of sins, and receive the Holy Ghost by laying on of hands, and keep the commandments of God, will receive a testimony that Jesus is the Christ; and will receive salvation from darkness, and doubt, the fear of death, and the bondage of sin, and from the destruction that will come upon the wicked; will be filled with peace, and love, and be prepared for the coming of the Lord, to dwell in his presence with the sanctified.

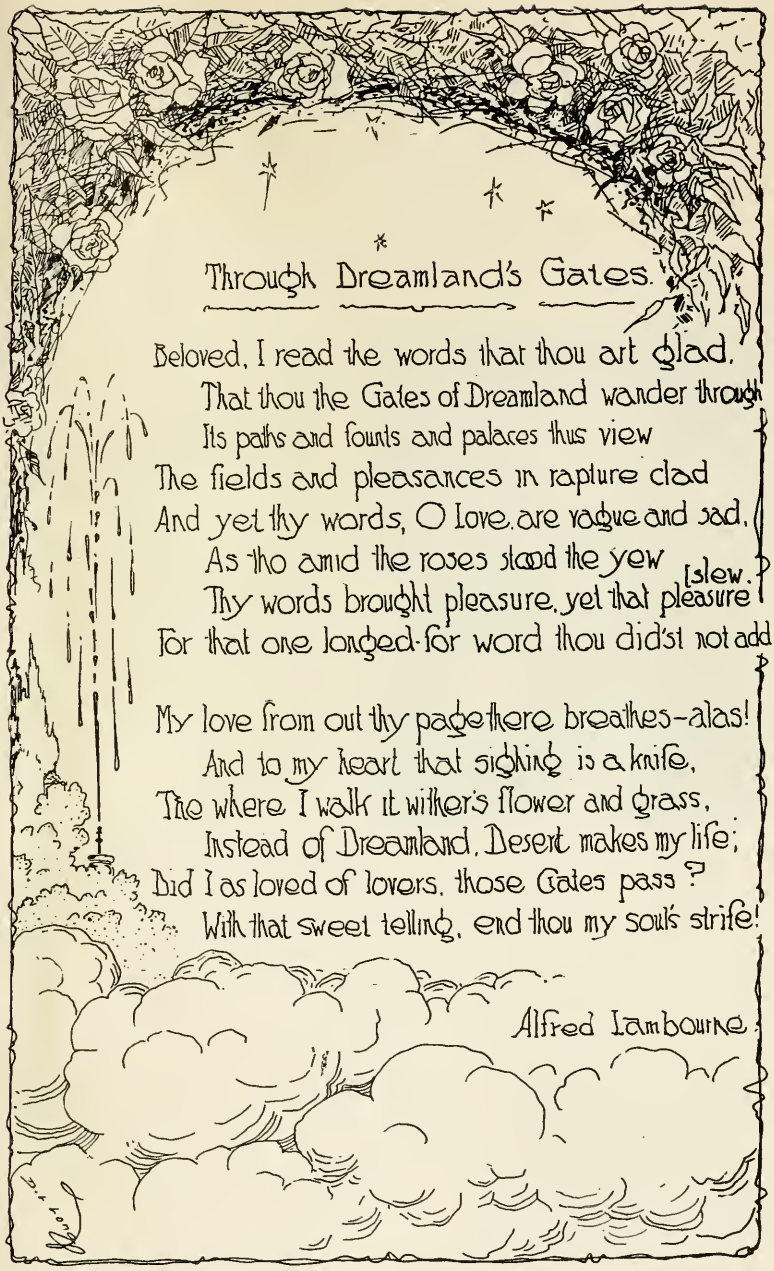
MANOS, COL.

A Memorable Saying

The few short years of aviation have been so full of swift progress and thrilling achievement that already the earlier conquests of the airmen are taking on something of the remoteness of ancient history. This is true even of the first flight across the English Channel, by Louis Bleriot. But one of the brave adventurer's speeches on that occasion, as reported by the newspapers of the day, rang with a spirit so noble that it ought not to lapse from the memory of men.

Bleriot was lame; so lame that he was actually on crutches, as he waited for sunrise that fateful morning on the Calais sands. At last, when all was ready and he threw aside the crutches to seat himself in his monoplane, he cried gaily, "If I can't walk, I'll show the world that I can fly!"

Surely those gallant words must call forth a response from many a determined heart. Many of us are crippled, handicapped in one way or another for the great adventure of living. We cannot walk—cannot pursue the ordinary, natural human course. But above us sweep the blue distances of faith, of the supernatural life, of the things that are spiritual and eternal. We cannot walk; but the great voices of earth and heaven summon us to the miracle of flight!—*Youth's Companion.*



Through Dreamland's Gates.

Beloved, I read the words that thou art glad,
That thou the Gates of Dreamland wander through
Its paths and founts and palaces thus view
The fields and pleasances in rapture clad
And yet thy words, O Love, are vague and sad,
As tho amid the roses stood the yew
Thy words brought pleasure, yet that pleasure slew.
For that one longed-for word thou did'st not add

My love from out thy page there breathes—alas!
And to my heart that sighing is a knife,
The where I walk it wither's flower and grass,
Instead of Dreamland, Desert makes my life;
Did I as loved of lovers, those Gates pass?
With that sweet telling, end thou my soul's strife!

Alfred Lambourne.

A Bird's-Eye View of Mexico's Troubles*

BY C. E. M'CLELLAN, SENIOR CLASS, B. Y. U.

In the year 1521 a daring Spanish adventurer, Hernando Cortez, conquered the great Aztec empire of central Mexico. The inhabitants of this newly discovered American empire numbered, then as now, about thirteen millions of peoples, made up of many tribes, but for the most part rendering unwilling tribute to the powerful and blood-thirsty Aztec rulers, who exacted heavy toll, not only of treasure, but also of life in the way of warriors for conquest and victims for the sacrificial stone, the latter amounting, it is said, to as many as eighty thousand persons in a single year.



HERNANDO CORTEZ, CONQUEROR OF MEXICO

"He left a character eminent for bravery and ability, but infamous for perfidy and cruelty."

Through the instrumentality of Cortez and his followers, this galling Aztec yoke was lifted from the necks of the suffering natives who, however, gained little or nothing thereby, for quickly and firmly was fastened upon them the burden of Spanish greed and oppression, than which nothing could be worse. Then followed for the natives of Mexico three hundred years of monotonous servitude, during which time children were born, grew to maturity, and died of premature old age, without so much as ever dreaming that "all men are born free and equal." Their lives were spent under exacting and brutal task-masters, with toil, poverty, sickness, and abuse, their only portions, till hope of anything better died within their breasts. And not only hope for themselves, but hope for their offspring, for a stern fate had decreed that

*Paper read before the Associated Collegians of the Brigham Young University, Maeser Memorial Building, Dec. 9, 1913.

little or no improvement should come to Montezuma's descendants till ten generations had passed away.

This is no idle tale of fiction. This is history, a part of the history of millions of men, women, and children, living upon this land, long before dedicated by the prophets of God as a land of liberty, and today holding aloft the banner of freedom as an example to the world. This is a part of the history of a people at this moment in the throes of civil strife, from the tumult of which shall arise a liberty and freedom for the sons of Mexico which they have enjoyed briefly in the name but never in reality.

But to return to the story. Spaniards and the few natives who had acquired social standing with them, and hence immunity from oppression, made slaves, *peons,* of the millions of poor, and the fabulous wealth of Mexico's silver mines, obtained by the sweat and blood of her down-trodden sons, was shipped away to replenish the coffers of decadent Spain.

But so vital is the germ of human liberty that three hundred years of grinding, crushing oppression could not kill nor destroy it, even among these degraded Indians; and in 1810 this mass of ignorant, suffering humanity arose in the name of sacred freedom, under the banner of the patriot Hidalgo, and after eleven years of bitter struggle threw off the hateful Spanish yoke.

But it was only the civil power that was overthrown. That more subtle, more evasive enemy, the power of the mother church, operating through the Spanish priests, remained. And this power, controlling at that time two-thirds of all the wealth of Mexico, did not relax its grasp, but only gripped its ill-gotten hoard the firmer, in the hope that by this means the Cross might yet restore the crown, that in turn it might continue its mighty sway under favor of civil power. The machinations of church leaders, and the designs of ambitious political aspirants, operating among a people ignorant of law and unstable of character, kept the country in perpetual civil strife for almost half a century longer, during which time the so-called republic changed rulers on an average once a year, and each new ruler had his own particular views of government policy which he sought to impose upon the nation. Progress in any direction, under the conditions, was not likely to be rapid. And, besides the long list of national calamities that had pursued the country, another was added about this time when unhappy and unfortunate Mexico was drawn into strife with her powerful neighbors, the people of the United States, with disastrous territorial results to the former.

But the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and a bright morning star arose in the person of Benito Juarez who, with superior wisdom, gave to his country a constitution under which she might hope to rise to an honored place among the nations of the world. Both his sagacity and his courage were employed to

break the power of the Catholic church which he did by confiscating, through legal process, much of the church's property, and by making it unlawful for religious parties, or powers, to take part in any of the affairs of state. Yet even while engaged in these important labors for his country's welfare, he was compelled to struggle against armed rebellion among his own people, and against ambitious foreigners headed by the would-be-Emperor, Maximilian. Death claimed the valient Juarez while Porfirio Diaz was still in arms against him, and thus Mexico's man of destiny was placed upon the throne. I say throne, for while the country is nominally a republic, few monarchs of modern times have ruled with the despotic hand with which Don Porfirio guided the state.

So weary were the people with long years of warfare and turmoil that for the most part they were glad to find a man who could control them, even though he controlled with an iron hand. Notwithstanding his severity, which was perhaps necessary at first, Diaz governed with a statesman's skill in the main, and gave to his country a quarter of a century of comparative peace and prosperity, at least such a measure as she had never known before. For the admiration we have for this grand old man of Mexico, we wish it were not necessary for us to make any indictments against his administration, but justice to our theme compels us.

We have said that the ignorance and the lawlessness of the people when Diaz began to rule demanded a one-man power. Diaz was the man, and he understood the situation. But for some reason he seemed not to note the progress made by his people in the thirty years of his administration, and he failed to make provisions for this growth. Had he looked more to the education of his people, especially in the direction of civics, had he granted them, by little, powers of government, and trained them to govern and to be governed, there would have been, in my opinion, no revolution in Mexico today, and Don Porfirio Diaz would have died at home, the idol of his countrymen and the admiration of good men everywhere. But he neglected this sacred duty, and today he is an exile, while his country is being torn with bloody civil strife.

Greed for gold and lust for power, twin destroyers of nations, found conditions in Mexico exactly suited to their wishes. The church party, though not daring to maneuver in the open, was still secretly a powerful force. A portion of the Spanish element, though not openly avowing their sentiments, were yet proud of their descent, and felt themselves entitled to prey upon the masses where possible. Diaz evidently courted the favor of these influences for his own aggrandizement. Under him was aristocracy of wealth and blood throuhgout the country, whose secret but certain purpose was the exploitation of their country

and their countrymen, and in this they have been eminently successful. They have controlled the army, the chief factor in Mexican politics, they have directed legislation, and have intimidated and bribed the courts, and have exercised for years a tyranny differing in form but quite as absolute and offensive as that which their ancestors suffered under.

Although a republic in name, Mexico has been an aristocracy in fact. Elections have been farces, platforms and principles have been unknown to those who should have been voters. It is no exaggeration to say that a large proportion of the voting population never so much as knew when election day came round, much less did they feel they had any voice in the welfare of their country. Men owning millions of acres of land and millions of dollars' worth of other property use this vast wealth to oppress the poor, and by a system of peonage keep the toilers subservient to their pleasures to a degree intolerable to the American mind. At the same time these aristocrats bear no proportionate share of the burden of taxation. Judges on the bench fearlessly allowed their names on the pay rolls of rich corporations and individuals as a guarantee of friendship when litigation should arise in which the company were involved. And all this and much more under the Diaz regime, the best Mexico has known.

Why do not the people rectify such abuses? Madero tried it at the polls, and they cast him into prison. He resorted to arms and was temporarily successful, but his democratic ideals were too lofty to suit the old Cientifico spirit, his sincerity in demanding reforms was too genuine, and they butchered him.

Suppose Carranza, or some other man, succeeds in overthrowing Huerta,—the apt tool and beneficiary of the Catholic church and the Cientifico party—suppose, I say, some other man succeeds to the presidency of Mexico, as some man will, what then? By what means can any president in Mexico overcome the influence of the money power that is so potent with legislators and judges, both national and state?

The long training in these matters that the people have been subjected to, their peculiar temperament, and the very marked social class distinctions, make the questions of bribery and graft extremely difficult problems in that land. And again, how shall the ruler of these people induce the legislators who have been elected by the favor of the rich to legislate against that class and compel them to break up their vast estates and share them with the lower class on terms that the latter can possibly meet? And how shall he control this ignorant, impulsive, lower class so that they will abide the slow process of legislation which will be necessary under the most favorable turn? These people have grown used to revolution, and have now felt a little of the power that a 30-30 rifle gives them, so that they will not be patiently disposed.

Can Mexico solve these and other troublesome problems that confront her? In time, perhaps. I hope she can. Can the United States resist the pressure that is being exerted by material, social, and moral interests, and patiently bide the working out of the situation in that land of manana? Perhaps. I hope she can.

But it is not a question of this man or that man in Mexico. It is a question of principles, of human rights; and you and I, under the same circumstances, would take up arms. Our fathers did for even less provocation in the days of Bunker Hill, and we honor them for it.

Neither is it a question between the Spaniards and the natives, for while it is true that creoles, descendants of Spaniards, figure largely in the aristocratic class, yet there are many *mestizos,* mixed blood, and even some native Indians, who are ranged on this side, as there are also many of Spanish blood who have stood with the masses. Hidalgo, who first raised the cry for independence and who gave his life for the cause, was a Spaniard; Juarez (the law giver of Mexico and champion against the church) was an Indian; Madero, who sacrificed his life for his democratic ideals, was of Spanish descent, and Huerta, who needs no description here, is an Indian.

To meet their trying situation the Mexicans have the following equipment: They have a country rich in natural resources, but at present carrying a very heavy financial burden; they have a strong national pride and a patriotism of the explosive type, but their national spirit is not yet crystalized; their constitution is excellent, being patterned after that of the United States, but they are not trained to abide by its provisions. The wealth and land are in the hands of the few, but the democratic spirit has at last awakened. Their standards of morals are low, but the people are less vicious naturally than is generally supposed. Physically they are rather small but strong, and have great powers of endurance. In character they are hospitable, clever, impulsive, indolent, jealous, and vengeful.

That a more democratic government must be established in Mexico is imperative, but are the Mexicans able to establish such a government if left to themselves? Have they the national spirit, the stability, the wisdom, and the power to overcome the mighty internal and external forces that are working for their disintegration?

In their own words, I answer, *"Solo Dios sabe."*

PROVO, UTAH

Mr. Dane's Defense

BY D. W. CUMMINGS

"The play? it was fine! Simply great!"

"What enthusiasm! Is it good authorship or—good digestion?" twitted Mrs. Gordon.

"Equal parts of both!" laughed her husband who, though a portly man, carried his weight well. "You, my dear, prepared the dinner," she curtsied mockingly, "and Henry Arthur Jones wrote the play."

"Distinguished collaborators, I declare!" interposed Billy Lind, a slim, cynical, scholarly-looking man." You should be joy personified, Mr. Gordon."

"We thank you!" retorted the quick-witted lady, bowing deeply to Lind. He just as gravely returned the bow, amid laughter from the others.

"I know what won me my honors," continued Mrs. Gordon, brightly. "It was my roast veal. But which of my distinguished collaborators' triumphs has thus delighted you this evening?"

"You mean, what play did we see, don't you?" asked her husband, a trifle more soberly. She nodded. "It was *Mrs. Dane's Defense!*"

"A good play," observed his wife, quietly. "Marian and I saw it the day she went to Ogden."

A pause followed, during which Mrs. Gordon resumed the fancy work she had been engaged upon when the three men came in from the theater. In the light of the study lamp by which she worked, her face and form looked strikingly youthful for one already past middle age. Her eyes were a clear brown, gaily sparkling even in repose. Back of the humor in them, however, lay strength and intelligence. From occasional glances toward her husband one gleaned readily that she loved him as fondly as she teased him mercilessly.

Near her sat George Hampton, who had not as yet spoken. He was tall, well made, strikingly and consciously handsome. Not insipidly so, however, for there was a masterful, honest strength in his every feature. He had remained silently interested in the conversation so far.

The pause was broken by Mrs. Gordon. She arose, put away her work, and then, turning on her husband with a twinkling eye, she began:

"My dear, though modesty forbids you to confess, I know that in your deepest interior, you are hungry!"

"My deepest interior reverberates with gratitude at your insight," returned her husband with a grin, "though how you knew—"

"Husband mine," she interrupted, patronizingly, "to even the simplest minds, any passage of time after a meal, no matter how brief, is sufficient evidence that you are hungry!"

"A hit! I do declare, a hit!" shouted Lind.

"A hit, nothing," protested Gordon, hugely enjoying the laugh his wife had brought. "It's a slander!"

"John dear, what's the use? I know you! But, without exposing you any further, I'll go get you a snack. I shan't be but a minute," she said to the others, smilingly, as she left the room.

A silence followed her exit. Each of the three men were deeply thinking, Hampton seeming especially pensive. Finally, Lind remarked:

"That play appears to have sobered you fellows, or why this silence?"

"It's a sobering play," retorted Hampton a trifle gloomily.

"Don't you agree with the author's moral?" asked the cynic, with a slight jeer.

"Of course, I agree with it, but—"

"But what?"

"It's infernally hard on the woman!" muttered Hampton, speaking out his thought.

"And yet it couldn't be otherwise. She had to pay the price!" broke in Gordon, oratorically. "The young fellow's father was right. No man could live happily with a woman whom he knew had a child—a child—"

"Yes, we understand," assisted Lind, almost contemptuously. "Of course, the handsome young man shouldn't have been allowed to throw away his life on such a woman. But," he continued, deliberately, looking hard at Hampton, "I'm wondering—"

"What are you wondering?" demanded Hampton, irritably, as he caught the look.

"I'm wondering whether, if Mrs. Dane had been a man with —with—well, with just such a child, and the handsome young hero had been a beautiful daughter, whether or not the father would have been—er—quite so particular." Again he looked hard at Hampton.

The latter went very white under the gaze. He rose nervously with clenched fist, as though forcibly to stop Lind if he continued speaking. The situation was saved by the entrance of Mrs. Gordon with a tray of sandwiches and chocolate. Her husband's attention was soon absorbed in his favorite pastime, and she, busily arranging the dainties, did not observe the other two men.

Hampton worked cautiously around to Lind.

"Curse that tongue of yours!" he muttered in a low tone, when close enough, "why can't you let that drop?"

"Because I've been finding out a few things," coolly replied Lind. He walked to the table, took a sandwich for himself and returned with one for Hampton. "Have one?"

The other man took it with a jerk.

"What is there to find out, that you don't know already? I tell you that thing's done with!"

"Is it? Just wait a minute. Mrs. Gordon, may I ring for Susan? I want some of your incomparable chili-sauce for my sandwich."

"Certainly, flatterer!"

Lind reached for the bell cord and pulled it. Then he retured to Hampton's side. Presently the door opened.

"Look!" he said in a low voice to Hampton.

"Bertha!" gasped his friend paling to a chalky white. He trembled violently and then, almost with a leap, sprang into a shadow of the room.

The girl at the door came in like a child who has just been hurt and is fearful. She was of rather slight build and pretty in a colorless fashion. Yet, in spite of her timid, forceless appearance, there was something curiously maternal in her bearing, a little saving dignity.

"Susan, bring in some chili-sauce," ordered Mrs. Gordon with marked kindliness. "I don't see why Susan is so timid," she continued when the girl had gone out. "She has been here for three days now, and yet acts as strange and frightened as a child."

"Easy to understand," murmured Lind in Hampton's ear, isn't it?"

At this point Mr. Gordon began talking business outright. He had been fidgeting near the subject all during the theater party that Lind had been giving in small celebration of Hampton's return that afternoon from a southern trip, but as yet he had not had a clear field until this moment. Now, he swooped down on the opportunity resistlessly.

"Gordon & Co., contractors and builders, in and by me for the moment represented," he began, with mock pondosity, "would respectfully inquire of their architect George Hampton, lately returned from a business trip, what it is going to cost to erect a certain postoffice in a certain town in this our fair state of Utah. Huh?"

Hampton struggled to smile responsively, but it was a feeble attempt. Finally, to gain time, he said:

"I have the estimates in my grip which I haven't as yet unpacked. Give me half an hour with Lind's help and I'll serve you to all the information you can desire."

"You are excused for half an hour, sir."

"And when you get back you may have ten minutes. By that time Marian will be here, and after a week's separation, I imagine she will probably have considerable—on her chest, to put it in choice American."

Hampton went paler still, and, not even attempting a reply, fled. Lind found him a moment later in his own room, pacing back and forth, almost in a frenzy.

"Well?" he demanded, impotently.

"Well?" echoed Lind, placidly throwing himself on a sofa.

"Why didn't you tell me she was here?"

"My dear fellow, it's only because I'm chicken-hearted that I didn't let you face her before the whole family."

"Billy, why is it that you are such a prince of a friend to me in every respect but this? Why will you never overlook this one bad break?"

"Because it's the one thing in which you've proved yellow," responded his friend mercilessly, "and the more I find out, the yellower you appear to have been. I thought you told me the girl had married and gone to Hawaii."

"It—it was only half true," confessed Hampton, turning a dull red. "She did go to Hawaii, but as a lady's maid. She wasn't married."

"Where is the boy?" probed Lind.

"I've placed him with a safe family in—Provo. That's straight," he added, quickly, as he caught Lind's suspicious glance. "I've been to see him on this last trip. I'm—I'm fond of him."

There was a pause.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to see her and get her out of the way."

"Why?"

"Man alive, you don't suppose Marian Gordon will marry me if she knows that story!"

"That will be determined when she knows the story."

"What do you mean? Billy! You wouldn't tell her."

"No; you will. Now 'cut' that friend-of-mine stuff, and all that. I am the best friend you've got, and you're my only one. But you've been yellow in this thing, and you've got to pay. Besides, Marian Gordon is too fine a girl to be dragged into such a mess as that, unknowingly."

The slim man was sitting straight up now, and his eyes snapped. There was something hard, resistless about him, frail though he looked. His delicate features seemed like cold steel, and from him came to Hampton a feeling of overwhelming mastery. The big man sank down with a sob:

"Billy, I can't—I can't do it!"

"But you've got to—*Mister* Dane!"

Hampton writhed. Lind went on remorselessly:

"I steered you into that play on purpose tonight, Budge. I'd seen it before. But," cynically, "I wanted to reproduce the play in real life with the sex of the principal character reversed. I wanted you and complacent Mr. Gordon to hear the woman's side strongly put, and then, with you in the role of Mrs. Dane, I wanted to hear your defense and his verdict."

"Oh!" burst out Hampton, womanishly, "you are cruel!"

Lind turned on him like a flash.

"Cruel! What about you and your dirty, yellow work? What about that slip of a girl torn away from her baby and sent off to Hawaii to save your precious hide? What about the kid himself when he's grown up and somebody asks him who his mother was? What about Marian Gordon, whom you made to love you, ignorant of all this miserable business? You whining baby, you've played torment with three lives, and because some of the flame begins to scorch you, you bawl!"

During this tirade Hampton sat up. His face was marble white, but he was looking Lind straight in the eye:

"You've said about enough!" he grated, in a level tone. "Now listen to me. I'll admit I was yellow with the girl. I was a kid with not much sense nor courage. For the boy I've done the best I could. I meant to lie to him when he came with questions about his mother, and never let him know the truth. But, barring that, my record's clean. You've called me a whining baby. Maybe I am—though I'm not so sure but that, in the same fix, even you, my heroic friend, might squirm. But, since there does seem to be some injustice in keeping this thing from Marian, I will, as you suggest, tell her myself."

A glint of admiration shone in Lind's eyes, but he did not soften. He was a cynic.

"We will go back to the dining room now," said Hampton, briefly.

But on their arrival, they found only Susan clearing away the sandwich plates and cholocate cups. Her back was toward them as they entered. Hampton walked up to her and said, simply:

"Hello!"

The girl shivered. Then, fearfully, she turned and looked him full in the face. When she had recovered herself somewhat, she curtsied.

"How do you do, sir?" she murmured, faintly.

"How long have you been back?" questioned Hampton, with the air of a master to a servant.

"I just landed, sir—five days ago."

"Why did you return?"

She fingered her dress nervously, and then said, with a kind of desperation:

"I wanted to see—my boy, sir!"

Hampton shrank a little. Then he muttered:

"He *is* your boy, too—isn't he?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, softly, looking down. Then, with her eyes suddenly tearful, she looked up at him again.

"You won't stop me from seeing him, will you? You'll tell me where he is, won't you? I shan't stand in your way, sir, but —I want my baby!"

Hampton's distress was terrific. Lind turned sick as he watched.

"Doesn't it strike you there is something painfully wrong here?" he burst out.

For a long time Hampton stood in troubled thought. Finally he turned to the girl and said, gently:

"The boy is with Mrs. Findley in Provo. You will find her address on this card. Have you any money?"

"No, sir, my money ran out. That is why I took this place."

"Then here is enough to take you to Provo and keep you for a month. Stay at the little hotel near the station." He stopped and wrote a few lines on the card he was holding. "I am telling Mrs. Findley to let you see—the boy, as often as you wish. His name is George. You must not take him away from her home. In the future, I shall provide for you, and you may stay near the boy always."

He handed her the card and the money. Her eyes were wet glories of happiness.

"I—I shall leave in the morning, sir," she stammered, gratefully. "And—God bless you, sir!"

Then, sobbing, with her face aglow, she backed stumblingly from the room.

Hampton stood looking after her, musingly.

"I could never get her to drop that 'sir'," he observed at last. "You remember she was a servant in our home."

Lind nodded. Then there was a pause of several minutes. It was finally broken by Lind:

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"If I am to confess this business, I must do it now," replied Hampton painfully. "I can't meet Marian again and keep it from her. But why can't I? You ——! what have you done to me tonight?" turning savagely on Lind.

"Nothing much," came the placid response. "You had an ulcer on your conscience for a long time and I'v just lanced it."

Hampton started to reply, but stopped as he saw the door

open. With a tremendous effort at self-control, he stiffened to meet Marian Gordon.

In sharp contrast to the girl who had just left, she was tall, elegantly gowned and very attractive. There was power in the quick, nervous step, as well as grace and poise. In her face, flushed and lighted with gladness, was reflected a great, tender courageous, unfathomed womanhood.

With a manifest instinct of love, she walked swiftly and directly to Hampton, saying the while:

"How mean of you to beat me back, when I wanted to give you an especially prepared welcome. I've had a good time, but oh, how I've missed—"

By this time she was close to him, and he hadn't as yet raised a hand. He seemed numb with anguish.

"Why, Budge! Budge, dear, what's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"I'm—I'm afraid there is, dear," he managed to say, with a great effort.

"Then tell me—now!"

Just then the door opened again, and her father and mother came in.

"Back again, eh, daughter?" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, heartily, raising her chin and kissing her. "Had a great time, I suppose? I say, what's the matter?"

"Yes, what *is* the matter?" repeated his wife in her firm, quiet voice.

Hampton was suffering horribly. But with superb command he began to speak:

"I've something to say to you—something that should have been said before. As you know, I've asked Marian to marry me, and—she was to give me her answer on my return. But before she decides there is something she must know." He paused. Then, deathly pale, he finished: "I've a little boy, but—I never married his mother!"

There was a sharp intake of breath heard from the others, but nothing from Marian. Her body seemed to crumple a little, and she reached for her throat as though it hurt. Into her eyes crept a look of horror and pain unspeakable.

"You know that I love you," Hampton went on, tensely, "better than anything else in the world. And you know, too, you *must* know, that with this one exception, my record's clean. I can make you happy and—oh, God! I can't—I can't lose you!"

"That's what Mrs. Dane said!" The words were Mrs. Gordon's, clear, hard, cutting. There is one outrage that makes even tender women cruel.

"Yes!" desperately returned Hampton, "but it's different with a man!"

"And that," muttered Lind, the cynic, "is just what I expected *Mister* Dane to say!" But he looked very wretched withal.

For a moment no one else said anything. Presently Marian began speaking, her voice level in wonderful control:

"George, this is—awful! Yet, I'm proud of you! Most men would have kept it hidden. Still, I—it fixes my decision. I—can't—marry you!"

"Marian!" It was the cry of a lost soul!

The girl shivered as she heard it, but she went on talking:

"I know, it's hard, oh, so hard! But I can't—I just can't. Let me tell you why. Have you seen *Mrs. Dane's Defense?*"

"Yes," replied Hampton, his tongue dry.

"So have I, the day I left. Well, doubtless you sympathized with Mrs. Dane as much as I did, but yet, didn't you feel that the boy's father was right?"

"A moment, my dear!" It was Mr. Gordon. His face was pale and grief-stricken. "George has done a terrible thing but—you are too hard on him. The comparison you were about to make is not fair. As he says, it is not the same with a man!"

This time the cynic only smiled. But such a smile!

"Oh, why won't you men see that it is!" broke in Mrs. Gordon, impetuously. "Can't you see that it's because you won't that there are so many Mrs. Danes? Can't you see that, if men felt the same moral responsibility as women, there would be two resisting forces instead of only one and a half?"

Her husband tried to break in, but she went on relentlessly:

"There is the solution of the moral problem. But you men won't see it! For centuries, you've been fooling yourselves—and us—with that monstrous fallacy. Now, we've paid the price. Now we're going to share the expense!"

"And, in this particular case the price is"—Hampton tried desperately to finish the sentence, but his nerve failed him. His conclusion was a look of dumb agony.

For the first time Marian seemed to realize just what it all meant. She caught her breath, tried to speak, swayed slightly, and then moaned:

"The price—the price—is your happiness—and mine!"

Then reaching blindly for her mother's arm, she staggered from the room.

The Revealing Angels

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BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Suddenly and without warning they came,
The Revealing Angels came.
Suddenly and simultaneously, through city streets,
Through quiet lanes and country roads they walked
They walked crying: "God has sent us to find
The vilest sinners of earth.
We are to bring them before him, before the Lord of Life."

Their voices were like bugles;
And then all war, all strife,
And all the noises of the world grew still:
And no one talked:
And no one toiled, but many strove to flee away:
Robbers and thieves, and those sunk in drunkenness and crime,
Men and women of evil repute,
And mothers with fatherless children in their arms, all strove to hide.
But the Revealing Angels passed them by,
Saying: "Not you, not you.
Another day, when we shall come again
Unto the haunts of men,
Then we will call your names;
But God has asked us first to bring to him
Those guilty of greater shames
Than lust, or theft, or drunkenness, or vice,
Yea, greater than murder done in passion,
Or self-destruction done in dark despair
Now in his Holy Name we call:
Come one and all:
Come forth; reveal your faces."

Then through the awful silence of the world,
Where noise had ceased, they came
The sinful hosts.
They came from lowly and from lofty places,

Some poorly clad, but many clothed like queens;
They came from scenes of revel and from toil,
From haunts of sin, from palaces, from homes,
From boudoirs, and from churches.
They came like ghosts—
The vast brigades of women who had slain
Their helpless, unborn children. With them trailed
Lovers and husbands who had said, "Do this,"
And those who helped for hire.
They stood before the Angels before the Revealing Angels they stood;
And they heard the Angels say,
And all the listening world heard the Angels say:
"These are the vilest sinners of all;
For the Lord of Life made sex that birth might come;
Made sex and its keen, compelling desire
To fashion bodies wherein souls might go
From lower planes to higher.
Until the end is reached [which is Beginning].
They have stolen the costly pleasures of the senses
And refused to pay God's price.
They have come together, these men and these women,
As male and female they have come together
In the great creative act.
They have invited souls, and then flung them out into space;
They have made a jest of God's design.
All other sins look white beside this sinning;
All other sins may be condoned, forgiven;
All other sinners may be cleansed and shriven;
Not these, not these.
Pass on, and meet God's eyes."

The vast brigade moved forward, and behind them walked the Angels,
Walked the sorrowful Revealing Angels.

In the Sign of the Cross

A Story of One Hundred Million Deaths

BY ALMA O. TAYLOR

The most spectacular Christian in history is a Chinaman.

Hung Siu-tseun, a Hakka Chinese, was born in a little village in the mountains near Canton, in 1813. He inherited the manly vigor of his race, was impetuous, madly ambitious, and aspired to pass the government literary examinations with a high degree, but failed. Disappointment preyed so upon his mind that his health failed him. While sick, nigh unto death, he had a dream, in which the Almighty entered his room, placed a sword in his hand, and commanded him to exterminate idolatry in China. The Almighty then conveyed him to the Heavenly Palace, washed him in a river and gave him a new heart. After recovering from his illness, he read some Christian tracts which had fallen into his hands, and in them he seemed to find the interpretation of his dream!

So, in 1847, when a young man of good education and superior manners presented himself at the American Baptist Mission, in Canton, and asked for Christian instruction, there is little wonder that Hung was quickly enrolled as a catechumen.

Without receiving the sealing ordinance of the church, or taking his instructor into his confidence, he suddenly returned to his native city, and in 1850 began to preach the new faith. Talented, and full of zeal, he converted, first, his family and neighbors, then large numbers of his townsmen, whom he organized into a society called "The Church of the Supreme God." The society met with rapid and marked success in the entire province, where the idols and temples fell in ruined heaps before the iconoclastic crusade which Hung instituted, in obedience to the divine command received in his dream.

The imperial government, alarmed, sent officers to suppress the zealots, and incited local persecution against them. This resulted in the transformation of the society into a bold, audacious political party which finally rose in open rebellion against the government. So brilliant were the local victories of the rebel chief that multitudes flocked to his standard—the sign of the cross—for Hung now proclaimed his mission to be not only the

deliverance of China from the curse of idolatry, but the wresting of the throne from the Manchu usurpers.

In this twofold campaign, he was seconded by a shrewd and calculating hierophant named Yang, who, at will, could throw himself into cataleptic fits, during which he was looked upon as the medium of communication with the "Court of Heaven," his utterances passing for the words of the "Supreme God."

The rebels had visions of a new empire to be called, "Tai-ping Tien Kwoh"—The Kingdom of Heaven and the Reign of Peace—with Hung as emperor, to be saluted as "God of Ten Thousand Years;" and Yang as prince-premier, to be saluted as "God of Nine Thousand Years." Christ was called, "Heavenly Elder Brother," and Hung, the "Younger Brother of Christ"—all of which titles may be passed with a smile, but when Hung gave to his blasphemous adviser, Yang, the title, "Holy Ghost," the travesty of sacred things became complete.

A revelation through Yang ordered the rebel hosts to leave their mountain fortresses in Kwangsi, and strike for Nanking, the old, sacred capital of China. Descending into the plains of Hunan, like a mighty torrent, these "Avenging Angels of the Cross" swept everything before them. They reached the great Yangtse river, at Hankow. Here they pillaged the three richest cities of central China, and slaughtered the inhabitants with the impunity of a satanic legion. They seized all the junks in the river and, committing themselves to the current, floated down to the assault of Nanking, whose alleged impregnable ramparts proved to be fit only for the graves of its garrison, not one man of which lived to tell the tale. This was in 1853—only six years from the time that handsome young man stood before the Christian Mission, at Canton, seeking the gospel of the Prince of Peace.

The "God of Ten Thousand Years" ("Ten Thousand Years" being the literal rendering of characters which mean idomatically, "Eternity," or, " Live Forever.") established the throne of his "Kingdom" at Nanking, and maintained it for ten years. He distinguished himself by the exalted title, "Heavenly King." For assistant rulers were appointed, but they had to content themselves with the meaner titles, "Seven Thousand Years," "Six Thousand Years," etc.,—or seven-tenths and six-tenths of an Eternity! The energetic warrior and magnetic leader looked again into his Old Testament, and, finding a new and alluring model in Solomon, he abandoned David as the idol of his life, and surrounded himself with a large harem in which lust and debauch finally gained a complete victory. The affairs of government were left in the hands of subordinates, and the bloody crusade for the extermination of idolatry, and the overthrow of the Manchus, was carried on vigorously by Hung's fanatical but sagacious generals.

Hung's spectacular career, however, was by no means ended. Unbridled license did not rot him all at once. His surplus energy found expression in a book of laws entitled *Celestial Decrees*, purporting to be revelations from heaven; in the printing and publication of the Bible by what was termed, "Imperial Authority;" and in the introduction of Bible study into all the schools, making it supersede the old Chinese classics upon which government examinations had been based for centuries. A message was dispatched to the Rev. Issachar Roberts, by whom Hung was welcomed into the Baptist Mission, at Canton, in 1847, inviting him to visit the "Celestial Court." Roberts, like all other foreign missionaries, had stood amazed and terrified, watching, from a distance, the mighty whirlwind sweep the land in "the sign of the cross." So fierce was the wind of death around Nanking that every missionary who had attempted to reach the god of the storm had failed. Therefore, Roberts, being invited by the god himself, hastened to the "Celestial Court," where he found only the most sickening profanity. His quondam disciple had even inaugurated a new mode of baptism, neither sprinkling nor immersion but washing the pit of the stomach with a towel dipped in warm water! (Who dare say the Chinese have no originality?) Roberts at first boldly rebuked the rebel chief who, being a man, had made himself a god, and, while professing the New Testament creed, had disgraced in vilest travesty the Holy Trinity and all sacred ceremonies! Such remonstrance spelled insult to the "Heavenly King," and Roberts remained a prisoner in the "Celestial Palace" for nearly a year.

The rebel forces pushed on towards Peking by way of the Grand Canal, for in Peking sat the despised Manchu emperor. No town, no city, was able to check their progress, which resembles Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Finally, in the beginning of winter, they met the imperial army, commanded by a courageous Mongol prince, then they met the more dreaded and unconquerable generals—January and February. Disheartened, they returned to the Yangtse valley where their campaign of destruction, plunder and death made that broad, deep river run red with human blood, carrying in its current long lines of corpses out to the ocean grave. The toll of death at Suchow was appalling. (Suchow was called the Venice of China, because of its waterways, and the Paris of China, because of its beautiful women, tea houses and gay life.) All the canals within the city, the Grand canal outside the city, and the many little lakes in the neighborhood were so filled with swelled, water-soaked, putrifying bodies that the canal boats could not move. The air was fertile with gory odor. Many of those floating corpses were without wounds, for it is estimated that 80,000 inhabitants of the

city drowned themselves at the approach of Hung's "Celestial" horde.

In 1910, the writer passed over the principal part of Hung's bloody path. At Nanking, I went within the city wall, but had to ride for several miles across an open field before reaching the inhabited part of the city. Every other Chinese city has overflowed its walls. Why should the old, historic capital be so different? The answer is, that in 1853, when Hung appeared before the walls with the sign of the cross waving above his victorious army, this field was covered by the homes of millions; it is now their grave-yard, a mute witness of the unholy zeal of the world's most spectacular Christian, in whose iconoclastic crusade we find the story of one hundred millions of the dead!

Li Hung Chang, who later became China's foremost statesman, organized an army at Shanghai, which, under the command of the well-trained English soldier General Gordon,* fought its way to Nanking, and, in 1864, delivered the blow that sent the "God of Ten Thousand Years" and his blasphemous government in a mangled mass to perdition.

An intereseting bit of history in connection with this crusade, known politically as the "Tai-ping Rebellion," is that in 1860, the foreign powers, disgusted with the imperial government at Peking, attempted, through their respective ministers, to open negotiations with Hung's court at Nanking. How different would China's modern history be if the Tai-pings had received the recognition of the Powers! A little stone turned the dangerous tide. The French Minister, being a devout Catholic, hesitated to recognize Hung, because he was a Protestant, and he did not wish to see the ascendency of Protestantism over Catholicism in China. This hesitation gave time for the Imperial Government to regain the favor of the Powers, and the death knell of the Tai-ping glory rang through the land.

[The second article in this series of three will deal with "In the Beginning, According to Japanese Books."]

*[Known also as "Chinese Gordon," and Gordon Pasha, Governor of Soudan under the Khedive from 1874-79; he met his death Jan. 24, 1885, in Kartoum, which he had gallantly defended against the rebels for a year.—Editors.]



Ostrich Farming in South Africa

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE AFRICAN MISSION

As the South African train carries one along at a twenty-two-mile gait, it is noticed that the soil everywhere is a bright red, in some places fertile, in others hard and barren.

We passed through numerous ostrich farms. It is an interesting sight to see the huge birds run alongside the train, only a wire fence separating them from danger and perhaps death. All of a sudden they realize that there may be trouble, and with a dash they are off in full flight. They can run at a tremendous speed, and do so with head erect and wings extended, showing all their plumes.

In United South Africa it is only recently that ostriches have been domesticated. Young birds were first enclosed in 1857, but the returns show that only eighty were in captivity, in 1865. When about four years of age, the male bird selects a female, and once they become attached to each other, no ceremony is needed to bind them together for life. The natural and primitive way for them to raise a little flock of ostriches is to commence the work by scooping out a nest in the warm sand, and here the eggs are deposited at the rate of one every alternate day, until they number from sixteen to twenty-one. An average ostrich egg will weigh about three pounds. The hen bird covers the eggs during the day. Her plumage is of a dull, brownish gray, like the ground. The male bird sits on the nest at night. His black plumage, we have been told, is invisible in the darkness.

Ostrich eggs are sold in the open market for $3.25 per dozen. Our party ate one for breakfast, but I must confess that we ate it more out of curiosity than because we relished it. The color of

the meat of an ostrich egg resembles that of an ordinary hen's egg, but the taste is strong. One ostrich egg is considered about equal to 24 hen's eggs.

The ostrich eggs are a great asset in South Africa in the food line. Hen fruit is very scarce, but the eggs of the ostrich can be purchased at a reasonable figure ranging from eighteen cents to forty cents apiece, according to supply and demand. There is a fine of £100,or nearly $500, for exporting ostriches, and $25 for exporting eggs, from South Africa.

In 1869, ostrich eggs were first hatched in incubators, and from that time the birds became a little easier to handle. In 1875 there were 21,751 domestic ostriches in Cape Colony, and in 1897, 237,960.

In about 1880, the great boom in ostriches began. People of all vocations left their employment to raise ostriches, which business was thought to bring a fortune in a few years. One thousand dollars for a pair of birds was a common price. When particularly fine, they were auctioned off for as high as $5,000 a pair. The most successful method now employed for breeding ostriches is by means of incubators, but some farmers still place the parent birds in camps, measuring some twenty-five acres, where they are fed daily, and not disturbed in any way. The chicks, at the time they are hatched, are odd little creatures, covered with tiny gray feathers that look like fuzz. After the first month, the youngsters grow at the rate of a foot a month, and are about seven feet high when eight months old.

They are located in camps of about one hundred acres where they are cared for by native herders and fed on chopped meat, pebbles, broken bone and alfalfa. The jackal is their greatest enemy, and is often destroyed by poison. When full grown, the birds are allowed to run in camps of from two to three thousand acres, some twenty acres being allowed to each bird. Cattle could be bred at the rate of one head to thirty acres, as they improve the pasturage for the ostriches. Where the land is sufficiently irrigated, and a rich supply of alfalfa is grown for them, the birds can be kept permanently in enclosed spaces. In such cases four or five birds can be fed to the acre. Camps are usually enclosed by wire, which need not be high, as the ostrich is a poor jumper.

The male bird is always dangerous, and cannot be trusted, but can easily be warded off by means of a stout stick. If any one who is surprised in the open can pluck up enough courage to lie down, the bird cannot harm him much, and will be content to sit upon his enemy until driven off. The length of time during which the ostrich will sit upon his victim has not yet been scientifically determined!

When the bird is nine months old, the first crop of feathers

is cut and plucked, and the process is repeated about every nine months thereafter. The large plumes are carefully cut, leaving about an inch of the quill. As the feathers are cut at the season when they would naturally fall, the vitality of the stub is soon exhausted and it is easily removed. The operation is entirely painless to the ostrich, but, like the peacock, he does not enjoy being robbed of his plumage. It takes some skill for the attendants to tie a sack over the bird's head, after which the work becomes easy. The feathers of the male bird are superior and of a harder texture than those of the female. They are larger, retain the curl longer, are of most beautiful finish, and naturally command a higher price. In 1909, the value of feathers exported from United South Africa was a trifle over $13,000,000, an increase over the preceding year of one-third. The last official report shows a decline, a falling off in weight, the feathers exported netting $11,364,230. The export of feathers from Egypt and other parts of North Africa shows a steady decline, and United South Africa has practically a monopoly of the feather industry of the world.

Port Elizabeth is the great sales-market. There one can see the beautiful feathers stacked in neat piles to be auctioned off by weight to the highest bidder.

A Song of Progress

Human races are emerging from a long, mysterious night:
O'er the world the dawn is breaking of an era full of light.
Climbing up the heights of knowledge, man and woman, hand in hand,
Gain the sphere of higher ethics, give new songs to ev'ry land.

Hurry up, laggards! why can't you divine
The world-wide murmur and humming?
Hurry up, laggards, and step into line,
The equal franchise is coming!

Can we doubt the revolution now apparent ev'rywhere?
Militant, the cry is ever heard upon the vibrant air:
"Equal rights and equal suffrage, equal privileges, too;
Woman is the man's co-equal, side by side their work to do."

Who is ignorant of progress? who benighted, so that they
Can reject the call of reason and with ancient customs stay?
Onward! Upward! We are proving, in the progress of our time,
We can reach our goal of freedom, ev'rywhere in ev'ry clime!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

MT. PLEASANT, UTAH

Discoveries on the Colorado

BY JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, OF THE UTAH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION, 1913

V.—The Myth of the "Seven Cities of Cibola"—How It Led to the Discovery of New Mexico, Arizona and the Colorado River.

Gold, gospel and adventure were the ideals of the Spanish explorers during the century following the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. Impelled by those ideals, the Spaniards of the sixteenth century did a very large part of the exploration of the New World, particularly in South America, Mexico, and the southern part of the United States. Within fifty years after the discovery of America, Spanish conquistadors had invaded the almost inaccessible canyon of the Colorado; had discovered the deserted palaces of the Cliff Dwellers; had conquered, with cold steel and gunpowder, the bewildered natives of the fabled "Seven Cities of Cibola," and had "blazed" historic trails into the very heart of the great Southwest. Strangely enough, the Southwest was one of the first parts of the continent to be penetrated, and yet has remained for nearly four hundred years the least explored and most sparsely settled region in the United States. The vast Colorado River plateau is today the land that holds perhaps the most of mystery for the explorer in our country.



Photo by Stockman, Utah Arch. Exped.

A. C. JENSEN

Member of the Utah Expedition, trying to decide whether to climb any higher. One must be a steeple-jack at climbing to reach some of the palaces in the cliffs.

Coronado made his conquest of the pueblo towns in Arizona and New Mexico as early as 1540. This was more than sixty

years before the first English settlement (Jamestown) was made on the eastern coast. Seventy-nine years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, Coronado's expedition had crossed the entire western border and had skirted the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains as far as what is now the central part of Kansas.

Few romances are more fascinating than the history of the exploration and conquest of the Southwest. The thrilling story names as chief heroes in the conquest such men as Cortez, whose spectacular conquest of Mexico is familiar; Alarcon, the discoverer of the Colorado River; Coronado, who penetrated the heart of the Southwest; Lopez Cardenas, the discoverer of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; De Vaca, who was the first European to cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then there were the old church Fathers who, with admirable sincerity, almost incredible endurance, and courage born of religious zeal, carried the crucifix and the Bible on their long marches afoot over the barren plains and rugged mountains to save the soul of the Indian. Celebrated among these are Fra Marcos, Fra Louis Cancer and Fra Juan de Padilla, who were early active in establishing missions in remote places in the Southwest.



Photo by the Author, Utah, Arch. Exped.

VIEW OF THE AUGUSTA NATURAL BRIDGE

San Juan County, Utah; 222 feet high.

Two centuries later, we have two Franciscan monks, Escalante and Dominguez, penetrating far into the northern Rockies. These hardy missionaries entered Utah valley by way of Spanish Fork canyon and explored Utah Lake, naming Jordan River in their report, Rio Santa Anna. To the lake itself they gave the name Lake Timpanogas. Returning, they passed the sites where are now located the towns of Payson, Nephi, Fillmore, Beaver, St. George, and, crossing the Colorado River, found their way back to old Santa Fe. These men practically explored the heart of Utah. This was in 1776—the time when the colonies along the Atlantic were signing a declaration of independence and waging

a defensive war, the issue of which remotely determined the present status of the great Southwest.

An interesting series of events in the early sixteenth century preceded and led up to these exploits. After the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, Mexico City became the center of New Spain in North America. Until 1540, practically nothing was known of the country north of Rio Sonora and Rio Grande. In 1524 Cortez reported to Emperor Charles V that California was a low sandy island. He doubtless referred to the peninsula of Lower California, which to early explorers seemed to be insular. An Italian map of 1544 connects Norway to America just north



Photo by the Author, Utah Arch. Exped.

SENTINELS OF THE COLORADO DESERT

These great spires rise from five hundred to eight hundred feet above the high plateau on which they stand. It was by these monuments that Mitchell and Myrick were killed by the Navajos.

of Florida, and makes China a part of the continent west of the Gulf of California. There is a statement on the map that all dry land of the world was one continuous body. On some early maps, the Colorado river is called the Ganges. In 1566 a map came out showing China and Zipango (Japan) apart from the American continent.

The first news of a land to the north of Mexico reached Cortez in 1530, when it was reported that to the northwest was an island inhabited by Amazons, and that to the north and northeast were to be found races of giants.

The conquest of the Amazons claimed first attention. What could be more coveted by the adventurous Spaniard than the glory of conquering a race of Amazons such as opposed the ancient Greeks! The myth of the Amazons lured the expedition of the avaricious Guzman into disaster, and he returned to Mexico with a broken army after having discovered a few unimportant islands along the Pacific coast of Mexico.

The myth of the "Seven Cities of Cibola" led the first expedition into New Mexico and Arizona, in 1540. Having reaped such fabulous harvests of gold from their conquests of Peru and Mexico, the Spanish conquistadors were prepared to belive any stories of gold, and of strange cities and people, that might be told. One corroborative story after another was told in Mexico of great and powerful cities to the north. It was reported that the houses were four or five stories high and that the streets were filled with goldsmiths—that even the walls and doors of the houses were set with precious stones. The most credited of these reports was brought by Cabeca de Vaca upon his arrival in Mexico from his famous eight years march across the continent from Florida. De Vaca had been a member of the army under Narvaez, sent from Spain to conquer Florida. After six years of hardship and cruel indignities from the Indians, the army was depleted to the number of four men—three Spaniards and a negro. These led by De Vaca made their way through many adventures across the continent to Mexico—the first transcontinental trip to be made by Europeans since America's discovery. These men passed south of the New Mexican and Arizona pueblo towns, but they heard of them and made reports in which the truth was somewhat recklessly handled.



Photo by Stockman, Utah Arch. Exped.

THE GRAND RIVER

Near Grand Canyon, Southern Utah. The Utah Expedition crossed the river near this point.

Upon hearing De Vaca's report, Coronado, who was then in charge of affairs in Mexico, sent the Franciscan friar Marcos with a lay brother on a journey of discovery. These were accompanied by Estevanico, the negro, who had made the journey across the continent with De Vaca. Estevanico, gaily decorated with bells, bright feathers and other ornaments, pompously assumed leadership, and traveled several days ahead of Fra Marcos and the layman. Appealing to the superstitious fears of the natives,

who took him for a black god, Estevanico compelled many of the native men and women along the way to follow him to the "Seven Cities of Cibola." All walked, since the Indians had no beasts of burden, and it was a rule of the Franciscan order of monks that they should travel afoot in carrying salvation to the heathen. Eager for the distinction of making the discovery himself, and also greedy for the gold he expected to find, Estevanico preceded Fra Marcos by several days. At last he came in sight of the famed "Seven Cities." He sent one of the natives with a gourd covered with feathers and trinkets as a notice of his approach. This was unfortunate for him, for the medicine men of the pueblo pronounced it "bad medicine"—probably interpreting it to be an emblem of hostility. The chief sent the messenger back to Estevanico with the warning that if he attempted to enter the city he would be killed. Paying no attention to the warning, Estevanico rashly and bombastically marched within the walls of the pueblo and demanded gold. The poor fellow was stripped of his decorations and held prisoner without food or drink. When his confidence began to leave him and he tried to escape, he was killed with most of the Indians whom he brought with him. The few who escaped returned to meet Fra Marcos with the sanguinary news.

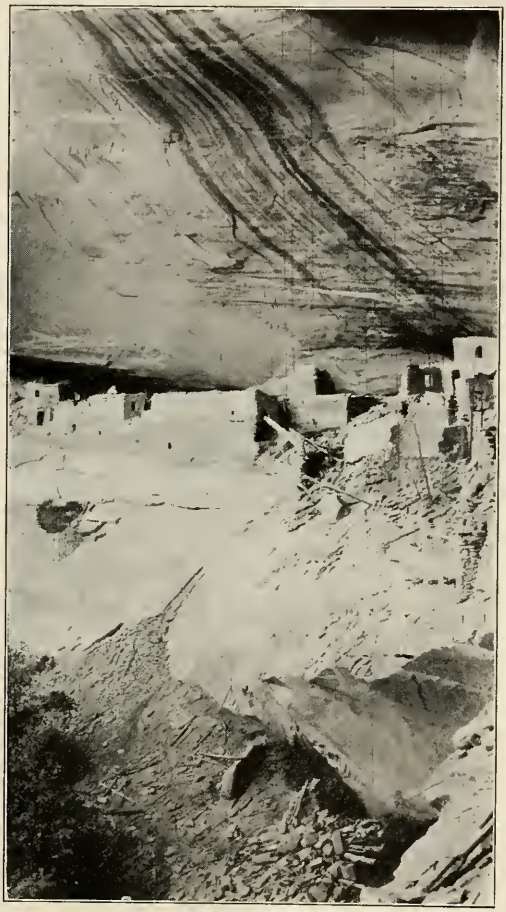


Photo by the Author, Utah Arch. Exped.

WELL-BUILT CLIFF DWELLING

Sagi-ot-Sosi Canyon, Arizona. A distant view could easily have given the Spanish explorer the impression of a magnificent feudal castle.



Photo by Frazier, Utah Arch. Exped.

A TYPICAL ARIZONA DESERT SCENE

The burros are loaded with materials gathered by the Utah Expedition from the cliff dwellings.

Marcos fearfully advanced far enough to gain a view of the nearest pueblo in the distance, and then retreated, as he candidly admitted, "with more fear than victuals" to New Spain, where he reported to Coronado in Mexico. In his report he wrote:

"It (the pueblo) has a very fine appearance for a village, the best that I have seen in these parts. The houses, as the Indians had told me, are all of stone, built in stories, and with flat roofs. Judging by what I could see from the height where I placed myself to observe it, the settlement is larger than the City of Mexico. * * * * It appears to me that this land is the best and largest of all those that have been discovered."

This is a strong statement, coming from Fra Marcos, who had a reputation for veracity and who had been with Pizarro in his conquest of Peru, and had seen the splendid houses of the Incas and the Aztecs. Coronado's chronicler, Castenadas, describes the New Mexican and Arizona pueblos as being practically the same then as they are today—nearly four hundred years later.

Thus were the semi- civilized pueblo dwellers of New Mexico and Arizona first discovered by the negro, Estevanico, who was the first member of an alien race to penetrate the land of the Pueblo and Cliff Dwellers.

Today, after a lapse of centuries, the Zuni Indians tell the picturesque legend of the killing of the "Black Mexican."

The report of Fra Marcos resulted in the sending of an army of conquest northward, led by Coronado. Fra Marcos went along as guide, accompanied by other priests who were to convert the natives, bless the sick and repeat the Pater-Noster and the Ave Marie. With a splendid army of cavalliers, mounted on

horses and wearing helmets of hard bull-hide and coats of mail, Coronado advanced upon Cibola. The whole army was dazzled with the prospect of gold and glory. As they approached the first town of Cibola, a village of about two hundred houses, they were received with a volley of arrows. The Spaniards made an assault, and in an hour had scaled the walls and were in full possession of the town. These pueblo Indians had never before seen horses, guns, armor of steel, and crossbows. The Zuni legend of the "Black Mexican" recites that their ancients were so frightened of the "canes that spit fire, made thunder and hurled death (the Spanish guns) that their hands hung down by their sides like the

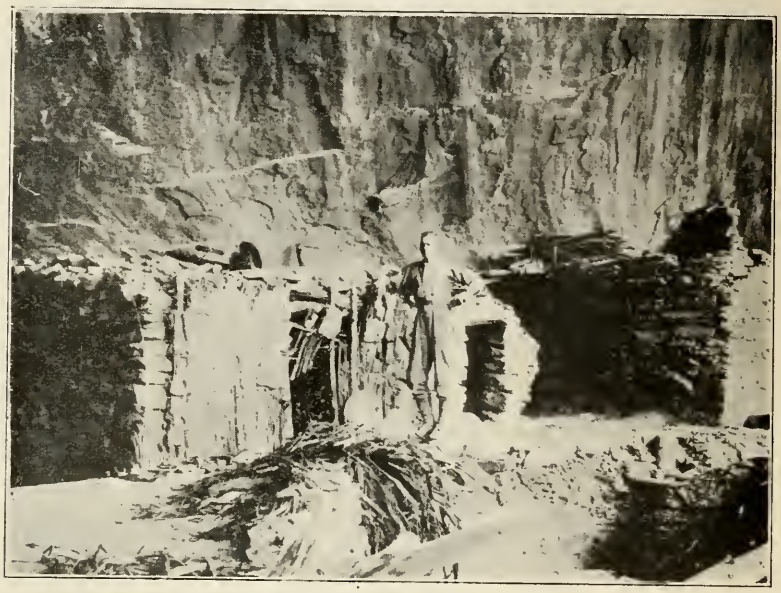


Photo by Harper, Utah Arch. Exped.

CLIFF ROOMS

These seem to have been built for pigmies. Comparison with the size of the author, who is seen standing between the doors, gives an idea of the size of the rooms.

hands of women." It describes the horses as animals that ate up people.

Coronado conquered one after another of the pueblo towns, and the friars vigorously set to work to substitute Christianity for the polytheism of the Zunis in the conquered territory. Coronado was disappointed in his conquest, for he found no gold and only a few turquoise.

Thinking that the "Seven Cities" were near the coast, Coronado had sent Alarcon with a fleet up the Gulf of California. This led to the discovery of the Colorado River. Alarcon entered the

turbid stream and sailed for some distance up the river, encountering many thrilling experiences before making a safe return. He had failed to meet Coronado.

The Moqui pueblo villages in Arizona were discovered by a detachment of Coronado's army and reduced to submission with little difficulty. The leader of this band was Pedro de Tovar. De Tovar learned from the Moquis of a large river to the north running in a canyon so grand and deep as to defy description. Lopez de Cardenas was sent to find the river, with the result that he discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado at a point not definitely known. It may have been in southern Utah near the



Photo by Harper, Utah Arch. Exped.

A TYPICAL CANYON TRAIL IN SOUTHERN UTAH
The Utah Expedition on the road from Grayson to Bluff.

confluence of the San Juan river. It is held by some to have been at the head of Bright Angel Trail.

These discoveries made, a new myth led Coronado and his army on its ill-fated quest of the chimerical Quivera, a place described by an Indian as a city of fabulous wealth far to the northeast. The Indian, whom the Spaniards called El Turko, because of his resemblance to a Turk, guided the army into what is now Kansas, where they found only a village of straw huts and none of the fabled wealth. It was a stratagem of the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico to rid themselves of Spanish authority. They had hoped that the Spanish army would perish

from starvation, or at the hands of wild tribes, while in quest of the mythical Quivera. They were not greatly mistaken, for the army that returned to Mexico was only a forlorn remnant of the sadly depleted army.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century, the country was again taken possession of by Onate, whose wife was a granddaughter of Cortez and a great-granddaughter of Montezuma, the conquered chief of the Aztecs.

[The next article of this series will deal with "Later Spanish and American Occupancy of the Colorado Desert Region."]

The Hunch-Back

Downcast and sad the hunch-back crept
 Among the straight and tall;
Not one marred body did he see,
 But all seemed perfect—all.

"O Lord," he cried in bitterness,
 "O why and wherefore I?
Each day I'm crucified anew,
 Though dying do not die."

Then to his anguished soul there came
 The message born of need,
A flame of fire,
A cautery for weak desire:

"Thy body, vestment of a priest may be,
That wraps a holy one within,
Or rags that hide a beggar
Who doth wait for alms.
Yet who might challenge fate!
And e'en make gods applaud.

"Like One, whom prophets said of old
Should have of beauty not a trace,
Yet God's own glory shone upon his face—
That doer of brave deed and high!
Which marked him transient from the sky.

"Then go thou forth and write upon thy heart:
Each hath his place; each hath his part,
Each hath his secret sorrow, too.
And in the market-place are those
Who would be glad to change with you!
God alone doth know.
Then let thy soul in stature grow—each day
Until its garment, grown too small,
Is left beside the way."

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "MILLENNIAL STAR"

III.

5. *The Severance of Associated Ideas.*

No attempt will be made to explain what is meant by the "severance of associated ideas," since the examples which follow manifest the meaning clearly. The first one is taken from Gen. 6:1, 2, reading thus, "And it came to pass * * * that the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair." This passage unadorned with a Hebraism would read in plain English, "* * the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair," —the daughters of men and their fairness being comprehended in one view,—while it almost appears from the Hebraic coloring of the text as if those men first saw the daughters spoken of, and after that, by a second effort, they discovered that they were fair. At any rate, if such was not their mode of perceiving and thinking, the form for expressing the ideas contained in the text, is peculiar. Another: "And, behold, the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham; the land wherein thou liest, to thee will I give it," Gen. 28:13; or, according to the English form of expression, "I will give thee the land whereon thou liest." "Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire, your land, strangers devour it."—Isa. 1:7. "The bed whither thou art gone up; thou shalt not come down from it."—II Kings 1:6.

Compare with these Hebraic constructions the following examples of a like character taken from the Book of Mormon: "And I beheld the Lamb of God, that he was taken by the people." —I Nephi 11:32. "I saw the multitudes of the earth, that they were gathered together."—I Nephi 11:34. "And I saw the earth and the rocks, that they rent."—I Nephi 12:4. In this same verse, the next one, and in verse 20, several other illustrations are found. "And I saw the devil, that he was the foundation of it."—I Nephi 13:6. "And I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down, and wrought upon the man."—I Nephi 13:12. See also verses 13, 14, 15, 38, and I Nephi 8:7; 14:14; 16:28. These examples by no means include all that occur in the Book of Mormon.

Before submitting illustrations of other Hebraisms, let us pause briefly to fix our attention upon the peculiar constructions observed in the passages just quoted from the Bible and the Book

of Mormon, respectively. Notice how the different propositions or ideas are made, as far as possible, to stand alone—separate and distinct from their fellows even though closely related. To conceive of ideas or to express them in this manner, betokens a mentality which is not common to humanity. The strangeness of the whole thing is remarkable, and we find ourselves obliged to account for it by referring its existence to some peculiarity of the mental faculties or activities of a people by whom the involution of sentences in the expression of thought was "sedulously" avoided —perhaps repugnant and doubtless impossible with the paucity of connectives which the Hebrew supplied.

Trained thus for generation after generation in certain peculiar modes of thinking, the mind becomes a kind of mold, and in general the conceptions which pass through it take on something of the form in which they are cast, and so the Nephite, as a Jew, was bound to disclose his racial identity by signs and marks which no English Gentile bears. When almost every page, indeed, we might, without much exaggeration, say, when almost every verse of the Book of Mormon proclaims its Jewish origin in one way or another—by the abounding use made of the simple conjunction *and*, by the frequent use of *and* for but or for *or*, by the use of this connective to express a co-existing act or condition; *i. e., and* for *when*, by the lack of any greatly involved sentences, by the operations of that strange Hebraism which, as it were, tears associated conceptions to pieces and shows us the parts separately —when, we repeat, such features mark that book, some of them found in it from the first chapter to the last one, how puerile it is for any person to claim that they were put there by an alleged impostor, let him be either the unschooled Joseph Smith or the better educated Sidney Rigdon.

6. The Hebrew Equivalent for "To Signify" or "To Denote."

In the Hebrew and Chaldee languages, as used in the originals of the Old Testament, there is no term which expresses, "to signify," or, "to denote," and in a number of instances, where necessary, the writers of the Bible have used a figure to express the sense of these words, and say that the figure employed *is* that which it stands for or represents, as, "The seven * * * kine are [represent] seven years."—Gen. 41:26, 27. In later years Daniel wrote, "The ten horns are [signify] ten kings."—Dan. 7:24. When the Savior explained to his disciples the parable of the man who sowed good seed in his field, he made use of this Hebraism a number of times. See Matt. 13:38, 39. St. John, in his book of Revelation, follows an identical form of expression, as, "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches, and the seven candlesticks * * * are the seven churches."—Rev. 1:20.

Turning, now, to the Book of Mormon for illustrations of this Hebrew idiom, we find one occurs in I Nephi 11:25, as follows: "I beheld that the rod of iron which my father had seen, was [represented] the word of God;" and in chapter 15:24, in the course of an explanation to his brothers of the meaning of the "rod of iron," Nephi again states that it *was* the word of God. Again: "Behold the fountain of filthy water which thy father saw; yea, even the river of which he spake; and the depths thereof are [represented] the depths of hell." "And the mists of darkness are [signify] the temptations of the devil. * * * And the large and spacious building which thy father saw is [typifies] vain imaginations."—I Nephi 12:16, 17, 18; see also chap. 11:36. And again: "Knowest thou the meaning of the tree which thy father saw? And I answered him, saying, Yea, it is [represents] the love of God."—I Nephi 11:21, 22.

7. *Concerning Verbs in the Infinitive.*

We have already observed that the Hebrew uses a plural noun, in some instances, where we employ a singular; and that another peculiar idiom of that language occurs where the singular is employed instead of the plural, according to English usage,—practices respecting nouns and pronouns which involve a double contrariety. Now, we find that by discovering the use of the infinitive form of the verb at times, on the one hand, and by making use of the infinitive on the other, in some constructions where we do not, the Hebrew contrasts with the English in the relation of another double contrariety.

To illustrate these different idioms in connection with one another, which should be done in order that the reader may readily perceive the difference between the Hebrew and the English, we shall have to review some points treated on heretofore. Omitting the quotation from Green's *Hebrew Grammar,* (See the ERA, Vol. XIII, p. 117), which relates to the co-ordination of verbs, a few illustrations of this Hebraism shall be submitted as follows:

"How can I endure and see" (Est. 8:6), or "How can I endure to see."

"I know not [how] I shall flatter" (Job 32:22), *i. e.,* "I know not how to flatter."

Corresponding Hebraisms found in the Book of Mormon read thus:

"They also sought his life, that they might take it away" (I Nephi 1:20), for "They also sought to take away his life."

"How is it that he can not instruct me, that I should build a ship?" (I Nephi 17:51); or, supplying the infinitive, "instruct me how to build a ship?"

Examples of the same, or of a similar, character are quite

numerous in the Book of Mormon, and, being readily found, no other passages are now quoted.

It is worthy of note in this connection that the many illustrations in that book which show an infinitive discarded, disclose at the same time that peculiar trait of the Jewish mind which often severed closely associated ideas, and held them up to view as separate conceptions. How remarkably does the Book of Mormon manifest that it was written by Jews who "sedulously avoided" complexity in form of expression!

So much, then, respecting the Hebraism which relates to the non-use of the infinitive where we employ it. What follows under this number shows the Hebraic use of the infinitive in cases where the English idiom requires us to discard it, and to resort to some other construction to express the same thought: Thus, first citing illustrations from the Bible, "created and made," (Gen. 2:3,) reads literally, "created to make." Again, the Hebrew of Deut. 6:3, according to Dr. Adam Clarke is, "Ye shall hear, O Israel, and thou shalt keep to do (them),"—the reference being to the commandments of God. "Ye shall hear, O Israel, and shall keep them," is all that is necessary in English to express these commands. "Keep to do" is not an Anglicism, "And when he had broken down the altars and the groves,and had beaten the graven images into powder," etc., (II Chron. 34:7). This reading is proper from an English point of view; but if the Hebrew be followed, and we say "beaten the * * * images to make powder," the construction will strike us as quite strange. "And threw down the high places and the altars * * * until they had utterly destroyed them all," (II Chron. 31:1)—until "to make an end" is the Hebrew phraseology here. The commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," (Ex. 20:8) is an example of the Hebraic use of an infinitive contrary to the English idiom; but so familiar have we become with this passage that we usually fail to notice any peculiarity in its structure, yet this feature will be observed at once if we change an expression of frequent use among ourselves into an identical form. Thus, for instance, a teacher does not enjoin his pupuils to remember *to* keep the rules of the school, but to remember them *and* keep them.

Book of Mormon Examples: "And had led them out of the land of Jerusalem, to leave the land of their inheritance," (I Nephi 2:11). "Led them to leave" is not English form, and a participial construction is suggested, as, "leaving" or "forsaking at once the land of their inheritance, and their gold." "And whoso was found to commit iniquity"—Moro. 6:7. "Yea, and I beheld that the fruit was white to exceed all the whiteness that I had ever seen"—I Nep. 8:11. We would recast this passage about as follows: "the fruit was whiter than anything I had ever before seen." "And I desire that ye should remember to observe

the statutes * * * of the Lord."—II Nep. 1:16. "And we did observe to keep the judgments."—II Nep. 5:10, * * * "Ye are eternally indebted to your heavenly Father, to render to him all that you have and are;" (Mos. 2:34,) "and should render" harmonizes better with our idiom. "Have ye taught this people that they should observe to do?" Mos. 13:25. "He doth remember all my commandments to execute them."—Alma 18:10. "But ye do always remember your riches, not to thank God for them."—Hela. 13:22. See also Alma 49:14; 57:21; 58:40; Hela. 3: 20; Moro. 7:30.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stand by the Right, Always

BY J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

There are many people in the world who are afraid to stand up for the right, and to state and act their convictions, because those convictions, though known to be right, are not popular with the general crowd; and the person stating or acting them might lose his social standing and prestige.

Leaders among men, men who have achieved prominence in the world, have always been fearless in standing up for the right, and in stating their convictions, no matter what the consequences that follow might be. Take such men as Christopher Columbus, Martin Luther, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Joseph Smith. All were fearless and true to their ideas of truth and right. That is the only brave, true, manly, and God-fearing way.

Let us, if we are ever tempted to do otherwise, remember the poem on "Freedom," by James Russell Lowell, which says:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

"Stand close to all, but lean on none,
 And if the crowd desert you,
Stand just as fearlessly alone
 As if a throng begirt you."

Remember our own beautiful hymn: "Do what is right, let the consequence follow;" and, "God will protect you, do what is right."

LOGAN, UTAH

Editors' Table

Three Threatening Dangers

Frequently, and from nearly all parts of the world, we hear of periodical outbursts of indignation against the Latter-day Saints. These are generally groundless and made by writers and speakers who are uninformed, and who get their inspiration from sensational books and literature published abroad by evil-designing persons who make money out of the credulous by their sensational stories. The stories may be false charges of polygamy against our people, or immorality, or undue political influence, or incredible financial power said to be exercised by the Church, and particularly by its president who lately was charged by a London paper of being an autocrat with an income of £200,000 a year. Thus many things are charged against us which have no foundation in fact, and in which there is no grain of truth. Though amusing where the truth is known, these falsehoods have the effect, of course, of prejudicing the ignorant, scandalizing the Church, and making it very unpleasant for its missionaries and membership.

But scandal and falsehood never can have permanent injurious effect upon those unto whom they are unjustly directed. The Latter-day Saints need have no fear nor anxiety whatever regarding these things, so long as they are directed against them unjustly. Scandals die of themselves when discovered, as they are sure to be.

What the Latter-day Saints need to dread, and what every man and woman in the Church should take to heart with trembling and grave anxiety, is that we may fail to continue to guard our actions and conduct our lives in the way of right. To do right involves exceeding care upon our part, and a living up to the simple principles of the gospel taught us from the beginning. Our danger lies not in falsehoods from the outside, but in evil and impure actions and indifference from the inside. These are the things which we need to fear.

There are at least three dangers that threaten the Church

within, and the authorities need to awaken to the fact that the people should be warned unceasingly against them. As I see these, they are the flattery of prominent men in the world, false educational ideas, and sexual impurity.

Leaders of thought frequently express admiration for the social conditions of the Latter-day Saints, the simplicity and earnestness of their worship, their care for the poor, and the honesty and purity of their daily lives. For these reasons our people are sought as colonizers in various parts of the country, men having seen that their industry and good character are of immense value in the building of a community and in the development of a country. I sometimes fear that we are not altogether worthy of some of the good things said of us, and that they have a tendency to throw us off our guard, make us less watchful, and lull us to sleep, as it were, thus handicapping our continued efforts in the upward direction of right.

Incorrect educational ideas are implanted in the hearts of our young people, often at home, and nearly always abroad. We have hundreds of young men, and young women, too, for that matter, who go abroad to receive their higher education, who partake to a great extent of the teachings of the world in these institutions. Not infrequently many of them return filled with the so-called "higher criticism" which not only tends to disbelief in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, but disbelief in God, and in the saving mission and divinity of Jesus Christ our Lord, upon which Christianity and the faith of the Latter-day Saints are founded.

But the third subject mentioned,—personal purity, is perhaps of greater importance than either of the other two. We believe in one standard of morality for men and women. If purity of life is neglected, all other dangers set in upon us like the rivers of waters when the flood gates are opened. Our youth naturally incline to follow the tendencies of the age in this direction, which is toward impurity in thought and action, impropriety in dress, and a double moral standard which gives men liberties in sin which are not, and should not be, tolerated in women. The general inclination is towards moral looseness. It does not appear, notwithstanding declarations to the contrary, that the people are growing better in this respect, and that is a fearful thought to contemplate. Hence, there never was greater need than now of

teaching our people to lead clean lives, and of impressing upon our young men the imperative necessity of moral cleanliness. So many examples come to the surface every day showing sexual iniquity and impurity that it is time to cry out against this sin. Parents, teachers and Church authorities must diligently warn their sons and daughters against these vile sins of the world, and make plain to them the sorrow and death that await the sinners. The warning should come in a Christ-like, earnest, and sincere spirit, in wisdom, and without cant and hypocrisy.

One illustration will serve to show the value and result of pure language, and let me say that undefiled language comes from pure thought, which is a fountain of pure life.

I have in mind one of the noble men of our Church whose motto was "The Kingdom of God or nothing"—the late President John Taylor. There was a man who was worthy, a pure-minded man. A cleaner man in habits, views, language and sentiment, I never had the honor of associating with in my life. During President Taylor's Presidency and the latter part of his illness, I was with him by day and by night, and I never saw nor heard a single thing in his actions or words that he might not have said or done in the presence of the most chaste man or woman in the world, or in the presence of angels or of God himself. I can say truthfully that I never heard him tell a joke, nor say anything that he would not have said in the presence of women anywhere. I have heard men say things in jest, among their brethren and among men, that they would not say to their wives and daughters, but never in my life have I heard President Taylor, either in story or jest, say anything that he would or could not have said in the presence of the most chaste in the world. He was a man of God, an example to all mankind.

I wish to say to all who read these lines that the key to purity is found in chaste thoughts, and the young man who obtains it will be able to unlock a rich storehouse of cleanliness enabling his life to be as the fresh morning. If in our community we shall succeed, as heretofore, in rearing young men whose lives are thus clean and pure, whose actions are above reproach, who will observe the commandments and the teachings of the gospel, as we understand them, and as we are or should be teaching them to

our children and to the world, this Church need have no fear of the outbursts of falsehood and indignation from our enemies and from those who seek to destory us with lies and sensational stories. We shall triumph over all, for truth and purity will triumph in the end. But woe unto us if we fail in this great duty, for the Lord will have a pure people.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

On Titles

We desire to call special attention to an article appearing elsewhere in this issue, entitled, "The Honor and Dignity of Priesthood;" written by Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve. We heartily commend the article to the careful study of every officer and member of the Church, as well as to our friends who are investigating the doctrines of the restored Church, and who have not yet identified themselves with us as members of this great organization, established by Divine command in this the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

Priesthood is not given for the honor or aggrandizement of man, but for the ministry of service among those for whom the bearers of that sacred commission are called to labor. Be it remembered that even our Lord and Master, after long fasting, when faint in body and physically weakened by exhausting vigils and continued abstinence, resisted the arch tempter's suggestion that he use the authority and power of his Messiahship to provide for his own immediate needs.

The God-given titles of honor and of more than human distinction associated with the several offices in and orders of the Holy Priesthood, are not to be used nor considered as are the titles originated by man; they are not for adornment nor are they expressive of mastership, but rather of appointment to humble service in the work of the one Master whom we profess to serve. The Scribes and Pharisees of old sought to be esteemed as great above their fellows, and loved to be greeted with distinct on in the markets and upon the streets, and to be called by titles of honor, "But," said our Lord, addressing his disciples, "be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." (See Matt. 23:1-8.)

In our custom of using the expressive term of address,

"Brother," and the corresponding form "Sister," there is accorded suggestive emphasis of our common family membership in the household of the Lord. We are all brethren and sisters, not some of us masters and others underlings. Nevertheless those who are chosen, ordained, and sustained in offices of responsibility and authority are to be respected, and their official acts and counsels are to be heeded, in all things pertaining to their special ministry, for they act not of themselves but as representatives of the authority of God.

The too frequent use of the name of Deity, even in our prayers, is to be avoided; that Name is holy, and the Lord will not hold guiltless one who uses his name lightly or in vain.

In the use of all names and titles pertaining to the Holy Priesthood, to the Church, and to members thereof, let due care and reverence be felt and shown.

The article herein referred to has our fullest endorsement and sanction. We trust its teachings, counsels and injunctions will be heeded by every member of the Church.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
First Presidency.

Messages from the Missions

President Theodore Tobiason, of the Swedish Mission, visited the conferences of Sweden at the close of last year and found them in good condition. He writes: "We have as fine a lot of elders in this mission as you will meet anywhere,—good, honest, clean, intelligent and energetic, all trying to do their best to enlighten the people and keep before them the principles of the gospel as revealed in our day. We meet with considerable opposition. The ministers appear to be very jealous of us, and often call in the brethren before their councils and forbid them to preach or do missionary work in their various dioceses. We pay little attention to their orders, but go right ahead as if there were no ministers in the country. The first time the fine is very nominal. We pay this and proceed with our work as before. In the course of two or three weeks the elders are often called in again, and heavier fines imposed upon them, which often go unpaid. Sometimes they are called in the third time.



They are then generally handed over to the civil authorities who are instructed to collect the fines. We have two cases like this on appeal to a higher court, but continue our preaching as if nothing had happened. We are looking anxiously for a decision in our cases, that we may know what our rights are. If the courts go against us, we will appeal to the king, as we intend to go as far as possible in maintaining our rights. We have not come here to take our orders from the priests; the elders are working with a will, caring little for the ministers or what they say. We look for good results, for when opposition is brought to bear a great many honest in heart are always led to investigate the truths of the gospel, and finally to embrace it. We ought to have a few more elders here, say fifty or sixty. A great many places have not been visited for years, but we cannot visit them for lack of workers."

Elder Daniel Young Spencer, who is at present filling a mission in Germany, having resided for the past five or six months at Konigsberg, writes:

"One of the first things that forcibly strikes a young Latter-day Saint when he comes in contact with the outside world is the fact that he does not know enough of the gospel to protect his claim as a Latter-day Saint. He feels as helpless as a soldier without ammunition. And why should this condition exist? We have our Church schools and organizations where he can prepare himself, but as a rule he has no desire to do so. He has not taken the trouble to understand the vital importance of building up a gospel armor to protect himself against the world.



"We, the younger generation, do not take advantage of our opportunities. Some of us are 'Mormons' for no other reason than that our parents favor that faith. Shame on us for such a reason! It is a confession of negligence and sloth. It is time for an awakening among the young men—for a determination to find for ourselves just why we take the name of Latter-day Saints; to study those great principles which will enlighten us as to our purpose here on earth.

"There is in fact something radically wrong with us. We dissipate our time and think too little of the future, and thus are in danger of gradually slipping away from a strict moral code. Let us take time to study ourselves; let us not evade anything, but if we are wrong, admit it, and get it out of our system. Talking will not accomplish anything—let's act. We shall certainly have the help of God in such an endeavor.

"Something happened to me in this line the other morning. I had risen feeling rather out of sorts, and as I started out tracting, I felt rather rebellious that things didn't come easier; that the language didn't come quicker, that my work didn't show bigger results, all this and many other regrets. I was thinking it all over when suddenly the words of the song, "Count Your Many Blessings," ran through my mind. Now that was only a little thing, but as I hummed it over it

made a most wonderful impression. As I walked on, I noticed the cripples, and little children with sore eyes, the homes that spoke of absolute poverty, and each step I felt a little more guilty that I had for a moment repined at my supposed trials, when all about me were things that were really hard to meet. To understand this you would have to get a glimpse of a typical Konigsberg street. In front of every door play five or ten children—very dirty, some deformed, others crippled. Many of them are half blind, and often you find crazy, or weak-minded ones—due to immorality of the parents. You see children of eight or ten years carrying babies, which are left in their charge. The women take part in all manual labor; if a building is torn down, you see women carrying bricks and loading the wagons. In the country you see scores of women in the fields, ploughing, hoeing and doing all kinds of heavy labor. This is because four millions of men serve in the armies of Europe, and some one has to do their work. I could go on indefinitely telling you incidents of unusual conditions, but these will serve to show you what an entirely different atmosphere exists. It makes me thankful every day that I am an American—and a 'Mormon.'"

Elder L. Lamond Bunnell, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, November 28: "The work in the South Melbourne Branch of the Victoria conference is prosperous. The elders are sorry to lose Brother Charles H. Hyde who has ever been an energetic and untiring promulgator of the truth as well as a willing and wise advisor of the elders.



Our new president, Elder William W. Taylor, will receive the hearty support of all connected with the cause of truth in this land. Elders, front to back: Russell Titenson, Bedford, Wyoming; L. Lamond Bunnell, Provo; William B. Moore, Ogden; Sylvan W. Clark, Lehi, Utah.

Denver Conference, Western States Mission, December, 1913: Back row: S. C. Williams, Teasdale; F. H. Baugh, Jr., Logan; F. L. England, Tooele. Center: D. L. Bowen, Tooele, Utah; Mabel L. Smith, Preston, Idaho; Mary H. Dalton, Manassa, Colo.; Tina M.

Ericksen, Mt. Pleasant; Leslie W. Peirce, Brigham City; F. A. H. Behling, Ferron, Utah. Front: Lucille Squires, stenographer, Salt Lake City; M. W. Hansen, North Colorado Conference president,



Mink Creek; Amos Keller, Denver Conference president, Mink Creek, Idaho; John L. Herrick, Mission president, Ogden; Fred Thunell, Mission secretary, Salt Lake City; Pearl Christensen, Mission clerk and stenographer, Richfield, Utah.



Elder F. A. Berlin, Wellington, New Zealand, July 30: "We are busily engaged in tracting in the Wellington conference, and make many friends each day. A few days ago Elder Whitney was permitted to explain 'Mormonism' in one of the sectarian churches. All were pleased with the remarks he made, and as a result we obtained many friends. While the people are slow to embrace our faith, we believe many will soon come to a realization of the fact that 'Mormonism' is the truth. Elders, left to right: Parry Harrison, Pocatello, Idaho; F. A. Berlin, Huntsville, Utah; I. B. Whitney, Sanford, Colorado; W. J. Osborne, Escalante, Utah.

Elder Warren S. Tew, Birmingham, England, December 18: "We are working unitedly for the cause of truth throughout the midlands of Great Britain. The elders and saints are united and because of this we see daily fruits of our labors. Birmingham has been a center for anti-'Mormon' trouble and persecution in general, and much of this has been allayed during the past year, and we hold the respect of all who will give us a listening ear. At our last conference our new chapel was filled to its capacity. Elders of the Birmingham conference, left to right, back row: Harold Pardoe, Bountiful; James M. Jones, Peterson, Utah; Luther H. Haderlie, Freedom, Wyo.; Ferry J. Faux, Moroni; Lyman R. Sevy, Salt Lake City; Wm. S. Cornick, Salt Lake City; Clyde A. Russell, Eureka; George C. Loveridge, Lehi; David H. Cannon, Salt Lake City. Second row: Andrew Wilson, Ogden; John A. Maynes, Salt Lake City; Allen C. Mortensen, Ephraim;



E. Clifford Samuels, Vernal; Samuel J. Russon, Lehi; Leland F. Pilkington, Smithfield, Utah; George H. Bruerton, Raymond, Canada. Third row: Mrs. John A. Maynes, Salt Lake City; Hyrum M. Smith, President European Mission, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Warren S. Tew, Mapleton; Dorothy Maynes, Salt Lake City; Warren S. Tew, Mapleton; Joseph B. White, Paradise; George W. Lunt, Nephi, Utah. Bottom row: J. Fred Swinger, Baker City, Oregon; Harry V. Graham, Teton, Idaho; Wm. H. Woodyatt, Willard, Utah; Joseph H. Watts, Smithfield; J. Wallace Clegg, Vineyard, Utah.

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Looking Ahead for a Mission

Many men who are capable, morally and physically, and who are really desirous of doing missionary work, find that their financial condition is such as to prevent them performing missions without great sacrifice. It is in connection with this latter class that I would like to make a suggestion, also to fathers and mothers who may later in life be called upon for the services of their sons in the mission field.

I am safe in saying that it costs on an average, everything taken into consideration, at least $500 a year to maintain an elder in a mission field, or about $1,000 to fill a two years' mission. This amount distributed monthly over a two-year period is often a burden which, though cheerfully borne, frequently works a hardship.

If the cost were distributed over a number of years, it would become less burdensome. If in the beginning of their married life the heads of families would make it a practice to save a small amount, say 50 cents a week, from the birth of a child until he reached the age of twelve years, and the amount were carefully invested, a sum sufficient for the missionary fund would be gotten together, when the young man should come of age.

Or, if a boy or a young man who has started to work for himself, would save a larger amount, say $4 or $5 a month, at the proper age he would have a sum sufficient to meet the expenses of a mission; especially if this sum were carefully invested in a good interest-earning proposition.

As to the investments for such savings, there is no better place than a safe Building and Loan Association, where security is greater, and the interest-earning power of the small monthly savings larger in proportion, than in most any other concern. Let me give a concrete example, $4 deposited monthly in a Building and Loan Association will earn 8% interest, compounded, semi-annually, and in twelve years it would amount to $1,000 principal and interest. As a matter of fact, the Association virtually would do as much toward the missionary fund, as the family themselves, since the amount actually paid would double itself, in that length of time.

Four dollars a month means just $1 a week, or about fourteen cents a day. That is really a small amount. Many children frequently spend a sum twice that large, monthly, in moving picture shows and in other undesirable ways. Is not this matter one of importance? Would it not be a wise thing for the average family to try this method, and so accumulate a fund to be used for no other purpose than the one named, except in an emergency?—Benj. F. Tanner.

The Ninetieth Quorum of Seventies, Maricopa stake of Zion, held a Seventies' convention in the stake tabernacle, November 30, 1913. There were three meetings, morning, afternoon, and evening at which appropriate programs were carried out. Among the addresses were: "Objects of the Convention," President J. S. Allen; "The Calling and Duties of a Seventy," J. Elmer Johnson; "Value of a Good Example," J. Alvin Stewart; "Our Work Among the Boys," Louis Ellsworth; "Reaching the Wayward Boy," Pratt Grower; "How to Hold the Wayward Boy," Floyd Grimmer; "How Best to Prevent



Boys from Becoming Wayward," W. S. Lewis; "Business Relations and Misunderstandings Among Seventies," Alma Davis; "Thanksgiving," James Miller, Jr.; "Value of Fraternalism," Don C. Babbitt. There were songs and discussions interspersed. The convention was a success in every particular, its object being to create enthusiasm and a feeling of brotherly love among the Seventies; also to discuss and adopt methods and plans of obtaining the best results in the work assigned to them for the winter by the stake presidency, that of laboring among the wayward boys. A portrait of the organization is presented herewith.—Joseph L. Standage.

"Gospel Themes"—Here is a continuation of questions and suggestions that will serve as helps to class instructors and students, prepared by Elder David O. McKay. See Era for January and February, for questions on the first eight lessons.

PART III—THE WAY OF SALVATION (continued)

Lesson 9, Chapter III—Faith (continued).

1. What is the meaning of "rational belief"?

2. Name three essentials for a perfect faith.
3. Give instances of manifestations of the principle of Faith.
4. Show that faith is a positive force.
5. What is its negative?
6. Give one of Carlyle's illustrations of the power of this principle.
7. What constitutes the main strength of a nation as well as of an individual?
8. Define "formalism."
9. Explain the reference "Incense to Diana."
10. What was the "Pantheon"?
11. Memorize and repeat the Articles of Faith.

Lesson 10, Chapter IV—Repentance.

1. Explain how Repentance becomes the first fruit of Faith.
2. What must be the condition of one's spirit before Repentance is possible?
3. Explain the difference between Chagrin and Repentance. Between Mortification and Repentance.
4. How does Repentance become a gift from God?
5. Show that remorse is an element of Repentance.
6. Define Repentance.
7. What is the inevitable consequence of rejecting salvation?
8. What is the difference between a blunder and a sin?
9. By what is the degree of condemnation of the sin measured?
10. Who are they who inherit Celestial glory? The Terrestial glory? The Telestial glory?

Lesson 11, Chapter V—Water and Spirit Birth.

1. Explain the difference between a principle and an ordinance.
2. Why is baptism called an initial ceremony?
3. Explain the two-fold significance of baptism.
4. Memorize and explain John 3:3-5.
5. Memorize Matt. 3:13-15.
6. Quote other passages bearing upon baptism.
7. Give reasons for believing that Jesus' baptism was not a vicarious one in the sense of making individual baptism unnecessary.
8. Quote at least three scriptural passages that prove infant baptism unnecessary.
9. Apply the Lord's instruction to Adam as a parent (Moses 6:55-60), to parents of today.
10. How did the fallacy of infant baptism creep into the early church?
11. Show the reasonableness of baptism for the dead.
12. Give reasons for believing that vicarious work is acceptable to God.

Lesson 12, Chapter VI—Purpose and Effect of Baptism.

1. By what power are sins forgiven through baptism?
2. Prove that water and Spirit are indispensable in proper baptism.
3. Define "Regeneration."
4. Explain the relation of the "Spirit, the Water, and the Blood" in the soul's regeneration.
5. Give the significance of the terms used by the early fathers in relation to baptism.
6. Give a five-minute talk on "Baptism Essential to Salvation."
7. Memorize at least two passages bearing upon this phase of baptism.

Mutual Work

What can be Done with the Boys, Brethren?*

BY OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

I think there are very few of the stakes but are anxious for, if not quite fully converted and ready to undertake, the M. I. A. boy scout movement. Instructions from the General Board say that it is nc longer in the experimental stage. We are instructed to go ahead and organize. Now, the big problem is how to organize.

I want to repeat once more the appeal that Brother Hinckley made for this organization; if there is a corner, if there is a place or a class or an organization in the Church that really calls for a man of specific qualities, it is this organization. Just this one illustration of that point, for it is vital to the success of the organization of scout movements in your wards: I made an appeal to a bishop in Salt Lake City for a leader for the boys in a ward, and I went that evening to assist him in organizing and getting the boys together. The bishop came into the room after we had adjourned from the regular meeting, and these red-blooded boys were waiting, pitching around in the chairs, talking and looking out of the window, and daring some fellows outside to throw a snow ball at the pane of glass. In came the bishop and said, "Sit up. Sit up." They had heard that before, for they did not obey him. Then the bishop took hold of them, sat them down, and said: "Now, be still, Brother Kirkham is here!" That outdoor element had been asserting itself for years and years, and the counselors often had to leave the stand, and go out, and at the bishop's call: "Brother So-and-so, take care of that 'bunch,' scatter those boys, scatter them somewhere, they are disturbing the meeting." Why, they are disturbing the good brother who is up preaching the very dry sermon, and are disturbing the slumbering, the sleeping, of the members in the audience!

But I appealed to that bishop for a man, and do you know, when I asked him he said, "Well, who can we have?" and I suggested to him one of the Sunday school superintendency.

"O no! O no!"

"Well," I said, "all right, how big a problem is this in your ward? Do you want a ten-cent man to fill a hundred-dollar job? How big a problem is this that you have demonstrated right here to me tonight? This is one of the biggest problems in your ward."

He said, "Why, it is."

And I said, "Why then do you hunt for a second or a third place man to take it?"

Now, the thing is that if the job is worth while, those boys are worth while, it is worth while for the bishop to make the necessary sacrifice. And that man did finally,—not have to make the sacrifice; but, fortunately, we found a man. In other wards, sacrifices were made, but in this instance a man was found, came in with the boys.

*This spirited fifteen-minute talk, in one of the officers' meetings of the Y. M. M. I. A. June Conference, 1913, should be read in every monthly officers' meeting throughout the Church.

They were fidgety, of course, they were a bunch of live wires up and down the rows of benches. They always measured a fellow, "Here he comes with a Sunday school talk for us," and they go on with their bouncing along the benches. Finally, if the man is really worth while, if the man has really a message for them, they will listen, and obey; and if you men do not have success, I am quite safe in saying you have no message, you are not prepared. If you have something to say and you are prepared, they will listen to you, and they will respond closely. This man came. He is no great preacher. He just talked easy with them, and before long they were listening to him. They said, "All right, let's do something." He did not keep on preaching. He went into a vacant room and got them going through some exercises and physical contests. Now they are standing by that man. The clique has been destroyed. Part of the bishop's troubles are ended, in that respect. That man has ten of those boys fixing up vacant lots where tin cans and rubbish were destroyed, and where cliques assembled during the week. He is doing things, and he is saving thoroughbreds, not the slum of London or New York, but thoroughbreds, our own flesh and blood, born under the covenant.

Now that is what can be done, brethren, if you go out and get the spirit of this thing, and make a sincere appeal for the real live man. Get hold of the material. First go over it yourself, get this movement in your own heart, and then go out and get the bishop, and ask for men. Do not start it, do not get the enthusiasm of the public worked all up and going, and the boys excited about getting into these "hikes," until you have discovered a man, a leader in this work! Then the thing will grow right. It will grow, perhaps, slowly, but it will grow right, and in the manner that will count, and not after a little season of newness be gone again. This work has come to stay, and it is going to save a great many of our boys.

After the man has been discovered, how are we to organize? Get that man interested in the literature of the Boy Scouts of America. I hope that the book stores will have sold out, before this conference is over, all their books, "The Boy Scouts of America," twenty-five cents; and you have not read a book worth more to you for twenty-five cents than that book is. And when I come around to your stakes, I will give you the twenty-five cents, if I am not speaking the truth.

Get the spirit of this work. You cannot find a man unless you have the spirit of it yourself. You do not know what you are looking for. Then, after you have found this man, this scout master, have him get his certificate. By the way, we belong to the National organization. We have joined the National organization in this great movement for the salvation of boys. All M. I. A. boy scouts are under the direction of Dr. John H. Taylor, and through him, and not through a local organization, you must get the master's certificates and other information generally obtained through the local council organization. "Tack up" with Brother Taylor to the National organization. Twenty-five cents is the necessary fee.

After you have your man, then call a meeting of the boys. Do something at that meeting. Do not go and give a long talk on theory. I went to one stake where they really had an excellent paper on boy scout work, which ought to be published in the ERA; but while we were in that room talking about the boy scout movement, the room was closed up and some of the brethren had gone to sleep, and I noticed over by the door a man with a star on. He left the room, and while this most excellent paper was given on boy scout work, the sheriff was out arresting "Mormon" boys, putting them in the city jail.

Now this thought! Boys do not want to be talked to; you have

got to do things with them. You cannot give beautiful papers on boy scout work, and tell what a fine thing this is for the boys. Somebody, somewhere, must make,—not a sacrifice,—but an effort, they must do something, and then feel a thrill that they never felt before. The Spirit of the Lord will come into the hearts of men when they start to save boys, as it never came before. They are responsive, those noble little fellows, and they will warm your hearts. There is nothing like it. Get a few of them together, and bring with you a piece of rope, and have them tie knots. Show them some new "stunts." They have thrown that rope over the old mare's neck, and tied up the calf and had it slip. Show them one that will never slip. Make a calf of one of them, and see if he can make it slip. Do a few simple things, for boys do love to do things, and in that you can teach them.

Start out first with a few, do not try to rally in all the Sunday school, all the lesser Priesthood. Just get a few, a few of the leaders of the boys, and let this thing grow up slowly. Then, as it takes on force, the boys will grow to it, and be forever impressed that this is a serious matter. Always keep in mind that there is something really to do, and that it is not all fun and pleasure.

The election comes. The specific organization is in patrols. A patrol consists of eight boys. Out of that eight comes a patrol leader, and an assistant patrol leader. In the scout organization, the boys have a voice as to who is to be the leader. They choose from their own rank and file of these eight who shall be their leader. Do not do that at once. Let them work together a while. Let the boys show who takes the natural initiative, and then if you are a careful diplomat, and with a little tact, you will be able to guide them carefully in the appointment of the right boy. While they will have their freedom and have the say so, while they will elect him by their own vote, if you are tactful, you will get the right man into the position of patrol leader and assistant patrol leader. These eight ordinary members form the patrol. After you form one patrol, then you may form another and another. In some wards we have as high as six patrols in one ward; that is, six eights. These different patrols joined together make a scout troop.

Always impress the boys that this scout work is a part of the Mutual Improvement work, and is not an organization aside from the Mutual Improvement work. It is a part of the already established and organized work among the boys of our Church.

Now, as to troop clothes, the samples are over in the Era office if you would like to see them. But remember ever, do not order the troop clothes or the costume of the boy scout at once. Wait, wait! Let them understand it thoroughly. Clothes do not make real scouts, but a good turn every day. They pull out their necktie and go down the street. "I must do a good turn today. What will it be? What is this flopping? I have not done the good turn." And they see an aged woman crossing the street. A street car is coming. "My goodness, there is my chance;" and out the boy comes and says, "May I assist you across the road?" The old lady smiles at him. Or he may see a piece of glass that an automobile may run over, and put the glass in the gutter. Those are good turns, and in goes his tie. These are the things that build up scout work, not the clothes. But if you would like to see the good quality of the kind that has been developed by the National organization, by competition by different manufacturers, they are on hand at the Era office. Come and look them over, and enquire as to prices, and so on.

The examinations and details of this work can ever be had by

corresponding with Dr. Taylor, at the Deseret Gymnasium. This man is at your service, and so am I, in this and other works. Show your interest in corresponding and trying to get into touch with us, and by answering our letters and the letters from the ERA office. Show us that you have something, and then when we come, be prepared to make the best use of us.

Many of you people who have come to these meetings, perhaps have thought that there was some temperance organization using this hall and had placed up this sign, (pointing to a large banner): "We stand for a weekly half-holiday and a sacred Sabbath." That banner was made for us. It is the motto of this convention, although no reference has been made to it yet. Perhaps it is more stirring than the spoken words.

One of the hardest problems in my opinion that the Church has to solve is what to do on Sunday afternoon. One thing that we have felt, and by demonstration in different stakes proved, is that if we join with the boys for a weekly half-holiday, we will have solved a great deal, not all perhaps, but we will have solved a great deal of the sacred Sabbath problem. Join the boys in the things that they want to do, for they are not in touch yet, because of lack of education and lack of growth in many ways, with the things that we love. Join them in the things that they love. Be willing to sacrifice the office and the farm work they will do for the half day. I believe I can prove from experience that a boy will do as much work in five and a half days as he will in six, where he is not given a half holiday. Join them in the things that they love, and they will join you in the things that you love.

May God help us in this splendid work of redeeming the boys, is my sincere prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Two Winners in Last Season's Beet Contest

At the State Fair last fall, the boys whose pictures are herewith presented, won the first and second prizes in the Boys' Beet Club of



SPENCER HISLOP, AGE 14 MILTON COWLEY, AGE 15

Utah, as inaugurated by the Utah Agricultural College Extension Division. The boys are both M. I. A. members, and were encouraged to join the Agricultural Club through the Vocations and Industries Committee of the M. I. A. of North Weber stake. These clubs are intended to stimulate an interest in agricultural work, and this year the M. I. A. Vocations Committee are encouraging the co-operation of our organizations with the Agricultural College in both sugar beet and potato clubs. The winner of the first prize was Milton Cowley, age fifteen, of Wilson ward; and the winner of the second prize, Spencer Hislop, age fourteen, of West Weber ward. The boys were required to contract for one-half acre of beets and both of them did the work themselves. The work consisted of plowing, preparation of the land for seed bed, care of the crop, etc. They were besides required to keep a record of their work as prescribed by the Agricultural College. They were judged on the following points: yield 70%, shape 10%, size 10%, record 10%. It is expected that many of our M. I. A. boys will join the potato and beet clubs during the season of 1914. The Vocations Committee are also arranging for launching a boys' half-acre contest, aside from the beet and potato contests.

Mutual Work

A three-days' session of scout work and other Mutual activities, conducted by Scout Commissioner John H. Taylor, was held at the Snow Academy, February 2-4. Sixty men, representing South Sanpete, North Sanpete, Wayne, and Sevier stakes, were enrolled, includ-



MEMBERS OF THE M. I. A. CLASS, IN FRONT OF THE ACADEMY, EPHRAIM

ing two stake superintendents, board members presidents and counselors of wards, senior and junior class teachers and scout masters. At the close of the class all voted the course a profitable one. The representatives from Wayne stake experienced great difficulty in getting to the class on account of the heavy snows on the mountains, which took them nearly three days to reach the railroad line, where ordinarily they make the trip in one day. Besides scout work, methods in teaching, and presentation of lesson work, vocations, social work and dancing were taken up by the classes. On Tuesday night a dance was given in honor of the visiting Mutual Improvement workers in which the new dances were introduced.

Beaver and St. George M. I. A.—New Superintendents

Field Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham reports good success in the three days' session held at the Murdock Academy in Beaver, January 26, 27, 28. Renewed interest in Mutual Improvement work, it is hoped, will result from his efforts there. Some twenty-three officers attended and they were well satisfied with the work and received new ideas for the carrying on of Mutual activities in their districts. Superintendent Robert P. White retired, owing to other duties, and George D. White was appointed superintendent in his stead.



At St. George there were present twenty-six M. I. A. officers and scout leaders from the different towns in that stake, and besides, three came over from Parowan, after hearing of the success at Beaver. One also attended from Moapa. Secretary Kirkham says: "Here, in this land of sunshine and song, I look for good things in M. I. A. work." The picture shows the class at St. George. The third man from the end, on the back row to the right, is the new superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A. in that stake, David R. Forsha; and the second, in the front row to the right, is David H. Morris, retiring superintendent. Brother Kirkham

says: "Our new superintendent is a good man. He has the love of the boys in this country, and I feel sure he will 'make good.' The Lord is with him and he is a worker."

David H. Morris, who has rendered heroic service in the cause for many years, retires with the love and best wishes of all the Mutual workers, having been appointed a member of the High Council. He was chosen second counselor to Edward H. Snow, as superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A. of St. George stake, December 16, 1888, and was chosen first counselor to Superintendent Snow, December 16, 1889, and appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., September 14, 1896. He has served in this capacity ever since up to February 8, 1914, and upon his retirement was the oldest superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A. in point of service in the Church. He attended the first meeting held in St. George, when President Brigham Young and Junius F. Wells first organized the M. I. A., was one of the first members, and has worked in the organization ever since. During Brother Kirkham's visit at the three days' session of the officers, Supt. Morris was present and aided loyally in every way possible in the work. He believes no other association is doing the good among the young men that the M. I. A. is doing. The General Board, at its meeting, Feb. 18, passed a resolution thanking Superintendent Morris for his long and faithful service in the cause.

How About Your Fund?

The stake and ward officers having the M. I. A. Fund in charge are asked to push the collection now to completion. Go after what balance, if any is still needed, and clean up the accounts, looking to it that 100% is obtained from each ward. Read this letter from Superintendent Grant, to stake superintendents, and act today:

Dear Brother: We appreciate your earnest effort in the interests of the young men of your stake, and we are anxious to give you every possible aid in this great work. If we can secure 100% of the Fund, which is a small matter for each ward, we can return many times its value in service to the organizations.

The second week in February has been set apart as one of the Fund Weeks. If you have not already secured your 100%, now is the time. You can perhaps give some interesting social, concert or play; of course, you will know best how to do this in your wards.

Our organization needs two things—men and money. It can never fulfil its high destiny without the earnest and sacrificing efforts of the young men of the Church, and enough money to make the organizations efficient. A little well-directed and concentrated effort will secure 100% in each ward. Let us all pull together and maintain the organization on a high plane and give to it that dignity and efficiency that should characterize it.

Sincerely your brother,

Heber J. Grant,

Chairman Stake Work Committee.

P. S.—Remit promptly the amounts collected to Moroni Snow, General Secretary, 20-22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Passing Events

Joseph Skelton Williams, of Virginia, has been appointed Controller of the Currency. He had been assistant Secretary of the Treasury. By virtue of his office he will be a member of the Federal Reserve Board, in the new banking and reserve system.

Blair Lee, of Maryland, was recently admitted after a contest, to the Unites States Senate by a vote of fifty-three to thirteen, the thirteen being all Republicans. Senator Lee is the first United States Senator to take his seat by direct vote of the people. Hereafter all the senators will be elected by the people and not by the legislatures.

The Utah Power and Light Company are building a double steel power electric transmission line from Grace, Idaho, to Salt Lake City, a distance of some 135 miles. It is intended that the wires shall carry a voltage of 130,000 instead of 40,000 which is now provided over other lines. The district station is being built six miles west of Salt Lake City upon an eight-acre piece of ground.

The Eighth ward meeting house, of the Ogden stake, was dedicated on Sunday, February 1, by President Joseph F. Smith who delivered the principal sermon and offered the dedicatory prayer. The new building cost $25,000. In his sermon President Smith spoke on the morality of the Latter-day Saints and their belief in an equal standard of purity for both sexes.

The proposed new treaty with Columbia deals with the demand of that country for the United States to apologize for taking the state of Panama from Columbia, during the Roosevelt administration. Columbia also demands $25,000,000 damages, and an interest in the Canal. The new proposed treaty has not been made public and just what it contains in answer to these demands is not known.

Colonel George W. Goethals was nominated by President Woodrow Wilson on January 29 to be governor of the Panama Canal Zone. The Panama Canal act fixes the salary of the governor at $10,000, but since Colonel Goethals is at present receiving $15,000 a year as chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission his salary as governor undoubtedly will be raised by Congress to that amount.

The canning industry in Utah has grown to enormous proportions. Twenty-nine canneries of the state, according to a report by H. L. Herrington, secretary and treasurer of the Utah Canners' Association, produced last year 951,128 cases of canned goods, making a total of 22,816,176 cans put up during the season. The products consisted of tomatoes, peas, string beans, catsup, pumpkin, and various fruits.

The Ford Automobile works have announced that during the year 1914 $10,000,000 will be divided among the workmen of that manufacturing establishment. The plant is capitalized at $2,000,000 and last year over $37,000,000 of manufactured articles were produced. The day following the announcement of the division of the ten million dollars to the workmen, more than ten thousand men applied for a job at the offices of the manager.

The Nobel Peace prize of $40,000 was awarded to United States Senator Elihu Root, at Christiania, Norway, on December 10. The prize for literature was given, on November 13, to the Hindoo poet Rabindranath Tagore. His remarkable verses are written in Bengali, although many of them have been translated by him into rythmic English prose. He comes of a family distinguished in India for leadership in public affairs and the furtherance of national art. It is the first of the Nobel prizes ever awarded to an Asiatic.

The Brigham Young University has made a purchase of a ten-acre plot of ground immediately north of their athletic field. The purchase of the tract of land was made necessary in the working out of the plans for the growth and development of the university. The cost of the land was $5,000. A mass meeting was called of the students, at which a plan for raising the money was submitted, and before the meeting was adjourned upwards of $1,400 had been contributed.

His Majesty the King of Belgium has conferred upon J. M. Browning, of Ogden, the noted inventor, the Belgian decoration of Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold. Notice to that effect was received by Mr. Browning's friends in Ogden, on February 2, the order having been made in January of this year. The well-known Utah inventor of firearms was himself present at a celebration of an assembly of manufacturers, and was the honored guest of the Fabrique National Arms Corporation, at Liege, Belgium, when the celebration of the manufacture of the millionth Browning pistol was held.

Nathaniel Montgomery, born in the province of Ontario, 72 years ago, died in Ogden, November 3, 1913. He was a pioneer of Weber County, and served in many civil positions, having been selectman, assessor, and member of the Territorial legislature. He filled many ecclesiastical positions in North Ogden, having been president of the Y. M. M. I. A., counselor to Bishops Amos Maycock and Thomas Wallace, Sunday School superintendent, and an incumbent of other local positions.

The crop report for November, furnished by the local United States Department of Agriculture, contains comparisons for Utah and for the United States. In the corn crop the yield per acre in Utah, for 1912, was, in percentages of a normal, 30; for 1913, 34 The corn crop is nearly a million bushels smaller in the United States for 1913, than it was for 1912. The potato crop in Utah is somewhat shorter than it was last year, and in the United States it is very much shorter than last year. The condition of the sugar beets in Utah 1912, 99; 1913, 96; In the United States 1912, 92.9; 1913, 89.

The Elephant Butte Dam is one of the largest structures of the reclamation service. It has a height of three hundred feet and a length on top of sixteen hundred feet. The reservoir created by this dam, located in New Mexico, will cover sixty-seven and a half square miles and have an average depth of sixty-six feet. It will contain eight hundred sixty billion gallons of water when full. It is said to be the largest storage reservoir in the world, with a storage capacity nearly one-third greater than the great Assouan Dam, in Egypt. The structure will cost five million dollars, and will provide water for one hundred eighty thousand acres of land in the Rio Grande Valley, New Mexico. It is said that some of the land in this district has been

under irrigation for several hundred years, some of the old ditches of the Pueblo Indians being still in use.

William H. Bancroft, for nine years vice-president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line, resigned from that position, his resignation taking effect February 1. E. E. Calvin, vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific, was named as Mr. Bancroft's successor. Mr. Bancroft will retain his position as president of the Salt Lake Route, Utah Light and Railway Company, and vice-president of the Oregon Short Line, the last being a new office with Mr. Bancroft as first incumbent. Mr. Bancroft was born October 20, 1840, at Newburg, Ohio, and entered the railroad service when he was sixteen years of age. He has continued in various positions for a number of different roads throughout the country, all his life. Mr. Calvin, the new general manager, was born October 16, 1858, at Indianapolis, Indiana, and entered the railway service in 1873, having spent all his life since then in the service.

John Riggs Murdock, a Utah pioneer in the second company of 1847, died November 12, 1913, at Milford, Utah. He was born in Orangeville, Ohio, September 13, 1826, and was the captain of many companies of pioneers passing over the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. He was known throughout Utah and in the inter-mountain west for the manner in which he advanced the cause of education and encouraged agriculture. He was a member of the Mormon Battalion, and a colonizer and developer of Utah during all his life. In 1880 Fort Cameron was abandoned, and in 1897 its lands and buildings were purchased by Philo T. Farnsworth and presented to the Brigham Young University. The site soon became the site of the Murdock Academy, named for Mr. Murdock. He was a representative from Beaver to the State Constitutional Convention, and was a member of the first general assembly in Utah after the state was admitted to the Union.

China has adopted a state religion, a bill to that effect having been passed by the Administrative Council, appointed by President Yuan Shi-Kai to take the place of the recently dissolved Chinese parliament. The bill was submitted to the Council by the president himself. The bill prescribes the worship of Heaven and of Confucius. The question of the adoption of a state religion caused considerable controversy in China, the Christian missionaries of all the sects opposing such a step. The Chinese Provisional Constitution, however, provides that citizens shall have freedom of religion, and religious freedom is also guaranteed by at least a dozen treaties with world powers. While the news that Confucianism has received state recognition is keenly regreted, the Christians retain confidence in the repeated assurances which the president has given of his friendliness toward the Christian religion.

H. L. A. Culmer, one of Utah's prominent artists and literary men, died in Salt Lake City, February 10, 1914. He was born in Kent, England, March 25, 1854, and came to America at the age of fourteen. He was naturally gifted with the love of art and made this a study through life. For a number of years he was the head of the firm of G. F. Culmer & Brothers and other business concerns, including the Kyune Graystone Company. Some four years ago he sold out all his business interests, and devoted himself entirely to art. He did considerable writing, and was a member of the press club from its organization. He was also interested in dramatics, and

in his younger days was a member of the noted Wasatch Literary Society, and the Zeta Gamma Debating Club, organized by the late Dr. John R. Park. He was one of the original founders of the Home Dramatic Club, in 1880. He wrote considerable for various magazines, being a critic of keen taste and close discernment. Some of his best paintings are of the Wasatch mountains and the southern Utah deserts.

Granite for the state capitol is being obtained in the Little Cottonwood Canyon quarries, owned by the Utah Consolidated Stone Company. On the third of February, the company set off a blast in the canyon which brought down the mountain side 277,000 cubic feet of rock in one piece which slid down the mountain side and measured 42 by 76 by 87 feet in size. There were other large blocks that came down at the same time, one containing 10,000 cubic feet, and two others, each containing 75,000 cubic feet, while there were many smaller sections. The shot was fired with one and one-half cans of powder placed 150 feet up the side of the ledge. The amount of granite required for the state capitol is 165,000 cubic feet, so that the immense rock, to say nothing of the smaller ones which came down with that one blast, exceeds greatly the capitol requirements. It will take until fall to cut the big rock and get it out of the way.

The new viaduct constructed by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company, at the behest of Salt Lake City, over the tracks on Fourth South from a point half-way between Fourth West and Fifth West to a point half way between Sixth West and Seventh West, has recently been finished at a cost of $150,000. The structure is 1,800 feet in length, and is constructed of steel and concrete. There is a cement walk on each side of the roadway, and the bridge is electric-lighted, the lights being mounted on handsome poles erected at close intervals on both sides of the bridge. The construction began nearly two years ago. Another viaduct of a similar character is to be built in the course of the next two years on Seventh South.

The Mexican border embargo upon firearms was lifted on the third of February. The embargo has been in force since March, 1912, and prohibited the exportation of arms and munitions of war from the United States to Mexico. The original prohibition was intended to discourage incipient revolts against regularly constituted authority, but since there is now no constitutional government in Mexico, the president considered that the people should be left free to settle their affairs and put them on a constitutional basis. The foreign press generally recognizes the act as one of great gravity, and a virtual recognition by this country of the belligerency of the rebels. Some of the Argentine and London papers called it "indirect intervention," but the raising of the embargo is generally considered in this country as the logical step to take, since Huerta could get arms from foreign countries, because he controlled the seaports, while Carranza could not get them, because he had no seaports. Carranza's forces recently captured Mazatlan, their first port, which is the home of many rich Mexicans and Spaniards from whom, doubtless, forced contributions will be sought. At this writing Villa is completing preparations for his movement against Torreon where 14,000 federals await his arrival. Villa's men attacked a bandit named Castillo who had been harassing "Mormon" settlers in Chihuahua. Twenty of Castillo's men were captured and put to death, whereupon the latter, in revenge, set fire to the woodwork of the Drake tunnel, at Cumbre, nearly a mile long, on the Mexican Central. The passenger train from Juarez entered the burning tunnel, and several railroad men,

some of them Americans, and forty passengers, died of suffocation, and remain buried in the tunnel. George Redd, an American "Mormon," with a Mexican policeman, were killed by local red-flaggers, at Colonia Juarez on Monday, February 9. The murderers escaped, but the next day the Constitutionalist soldiers caught and executed five of them, including the bandit, Camillo Acosta, and son. Rafael Martinez was called upon to execute them, and among those put to death were his brother and stepfather, but he did not falter in his duty.

The Catskill Aqueduct was opened on January 12 in New York. The subterranean passage, 110 miles long, from Ashokan reservoir at Kingston, in the Catskills, to the terminal station in Brooklyn, was completed on that date. The first contract for the Catskill water works was signed April 10, 1907. At the end of 1915 these water works will furnish to New York City 250,000,000 gallons of water a day from a source one hundred twenty miles away, and by the year 1920, when the water system is expected to be entirely completed, the city will receive 500,000,000 gallons of drinking water every day. The engineering feats of this aqueduct are the most remarkable in the history of the nation. They embrace the crossing of mountains, deep valleys, water-ways, and, indeed, the Hudson River itself. In the city of New York, there are eighteen miles of rock tunnel from 200 to 750 feet below the surface of the streets. The building of this immense system presented more engineering difficulties than did the Panama Canal, and its cost will be upwards of $200,000,000. It is said that 283 men lost their lives in its construction, and 8,883 were injured. The work will give 25,000 men employment for nine years. Mr. Charles N. Chadwick, Commissioner of the Board of Water supply of New York City, in an explanation of the system, in the *New York Independent,* says:

"It was in getting the aqueduct under Moodna Creek and the Hudson River that the most tedious of all the shaft and tunnel building was encountered. Shaft 1 of the section drops the aqueduct 586 feet, which at this point brings it 160 feet below the sea level. A pressure tunnel then carries it more than four and a half miles through the solid rock to the deep rift in the rock created by preglacial erosion in the valley of the Hudson River. To get under the Hudson gorge the last or more southerly of the Moodna shafts, which had been sunk to a depth of 373 feet, was stepped down an additional 1152 feet, making a total depth for the Hudson tunnel of 1525 feet, below the normal aqueduct level. A pressure tunnel three thousand feet long there carries the aqueduct to the east side of the Hudson River."

Shelby M. Cullom, former United States Senator from Illinois, died January 28. His last words were a wish that he might have lived to see the completion of the national memorial to Abraham Lincoln who was his personal friend. For fifty years he had been in continuous public service, in American national life, which brought him into relation with every president of the United States from Abraham Lincoln to Woodrow Wilson. Senator Cullom was born in 1829, in Kentucky. He served six years, in the House, and entered the United States Senate in 1883, serving as a senator until March, 1913. When he entered the Senate he was a spry, active man of fifty-four, but left it a fading, tottering man of eighty-four but with a brain still bright and active. He was the chairman of the Lincoln Memorial Commission which has for its purpose the erection of a two-million-dollar memorial, in the city of Washington, to Abraham Lincoln.

The old Dominion liner "Monroe" was sunk off Winterquarter Lightship, Norfolk, Virginia, on January 30, at two o'clock a. m., the "Nantucket" having collided with the "Monroe" which latter turned turtle, and in ten or twelve minutes sank to the bottom of the sea, forty-nine passengers going down to death with her. Eighty-five passengers and crew survived. The collision occurred in a very heavy fog. Out of the forty-nine lost at sea, twenty-three were passengers and twenty-six members of the crew. Thirty-one passengers and fifty-five of the crew were saved. One of the most touching exhibitions of self-sacrifice and courage was exhibited by Ferdinand J. Kuehn, the wireless operator. He had just snapped the S. O. S. call, adjusted his life belt, and was standing by the door of the wireless ready to jump from the sinking vessel, when a woman stumbled along the slanting deck. "Where is your life preserver?" asked Kuehn. "I haven't one," the woman cried. "Here, take mine," demanded Kuehn, "I'll get another." Suiting the action to the word, he took off his own belt and buckled on her. The next minute the boat plunged, the woman was saved, but Kuehn went down with the ship.

President Woodrow Wilson delivered his special address to Congress on the regulation of "big business" on January 20. Among the chief points which the president singled out as a basis for legislation were:

(1) Effectual prohibition of the inter-locking of directorates of great corporations, banks, railroads, industrial, commercial and public service bodies. He advocated that the inter-locking of directors shall not be allowed. This means that the same men will not be permitted to act as directors of different corporations that are supposed to be independent and competing.

(2) A law to confer upon the inter-state commerce commission the power to superintend and to regulate the financial operations by which railroads are henceforth to be supplied with the money they need for their proper development and improved transportation facilities. The president made it clear that the prosperity of the railroads and the prosperity of the country are inseparably connected in this regard.

(3) That the Sherman Anti-trust law shall be so changed as to make its meaning clear.

(4) That an Inter-state Trade Commission be established to furnish information to business men to enable them to conform to the law understandingly and to report violations.

(5) A law to provide punishment for the individuals responsible for corporations breaking the law.

(6) To forbid "holding companies" by which one corporation may now hide behind another; and to restrict the voting power of stockholders who may hold stocks in several corporations.

(7) To allow private persons to bring suits against unlawful combinations and trusts upon facts or judgments established in government suits, and that claims against trusts shall not outlaw until two years after the conclusion of a government suit against a trust.

Congress will doubtless make the president's proposals into law as quickly as possible, as it is clear that there will be little opposition to the sentiments set forth in the president's address. Nearly all the press comments at home and abroad are favorable. The only opposition that has been manifested in Washington comes from the Progressive Party. Representative Murdock, leader of the Progressive Party, having called the president's proposals inadequate. Both Democrats and Republicans in Congress seem to agree with the president as to the necessity for legislation on the points he suggests.

"The Aspect of the Liquor Question" is a pamphlet written by Adolph Nielsen, of American Fork, Utah. The pamphlet sets forth in plain, effective language, the importance of this great subject which it terms "The burning issue of the day." In his thirty pages of print the author pointedly answers the questions: Is the liquor business necessary? Is it scriptural? Does it pay? Is it legal? Is it moral? To everyone of these questions, after reading the work, the thoughtful person will answer no. The pamphlet deserves wide circulation and careful reading by all who are interested in the right training of the young people, and by all who desire to avoid the evils that follow in the wake of liquor and the saloon.

From the New York Music House, Breitkopf & Haertel, we have received a copy of *"The Rose, a Cycle of Nine Songs,"* verses from a book of poems by Alfred Lambourne, set to music by Charles Frederick Carlson. This book of poems and music has just been published. The reputation of Mr. Lambourne as a poet has been ably sustained in these songs. The titles composing the "Cycle" are these: "The Rose," "O Now the Roses Turn," "All Crimson Flushed," "O Now the Rose of Love," "Within the Rose," "O Love's Own Flower," "The Roses' Gift of June," "See the Roses' Splendor," and "The Wonder of the Rose." The music has aided in illuminating and displaying in most admirable style the inherent poetic worth of the verses, and the efforts of Professor Carlson in setting the "Cycle" into this frame of musical illumination has been characterized by the publishers as, "one of the best pieces of musical endeavor he has engaged in."

"Sunrise at Chimney Rock" is the subject of the calendar of Z. C. M. I. for 1914. Every pioneer of Utah remembers Chimney Rock as the half-way post on the journey over the plains to Utah. It was one of the most noted landmarks on the way between Omaha and great Salt Lake. The picture is from one of Alfred Lambourne's characteristic paintings, and shows an emigrant train fording a shallow stream as the rising sun breaks from behind the clouds overhanging the bluffs of which Chimney Rock is a part. So popular has the impressive and inspiring subject of the calendar been, that copies have been sent out from the great mercantile institution, to all parts of the earth, to England, Scotland, Wales, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Switzerland, Australia, Cuba, New Zealand, Africa, the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Mexico and all parts of continental United States. The edition of nine thousand was exhausted in a few days.

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Three Threatening Dangers.—It would be well to have President Smith's editorial in this number of the ERA read by an effective reader to every congregation in the Church.

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Did you read the report of the Priesthood Committee in the November ERA? It touches the vital spots of your Priesthood work. Try reading it to your officers. If not the whole, then the sections in which they are most interested.

Elder Wm. B. Moore, Melbourne, Australia, September 3: "The ERA is a welcome visitor to this conference, much appreciated by the elders and Saints —very helpful and useful to friends and investigators by whom it is read very extensively. Its contents are enjoyed by all who read it."

G. Milton Babcock, Salt Lake City, October 28, 1913: "I cannot resist the desire I have to congratulate you upon your excellent product on 'Man in Relation to His Work,' the senior Manual for 1913-14. I do not believe for a work of its length it can be surpassed; and it leads me to the thought that we do not appreciate the excellent works that are turned out from time to time by the General Board, and of our many Church authors. Let a David Starr Jordan write a work of this kind, a Charles W. Eliot or a Theodore Roosevelt, and we will 'fall all over ourselves' to buy it, and at a fancy price, too."

Improvement Era, March, 1914

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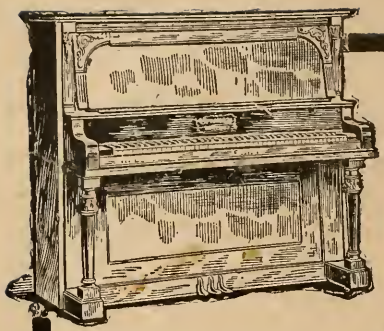
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